

# THE LIVING AGE

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## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

### BRITISH PRESS COURTESIES TO PARTY OPPONENTS

INVITING opinions from political opponents is the latest vogue in England. The Tory *Morning Post* has published a series of articles by Philip Snowden upon the Labor Party programme; and Mr. Massingham, formerly of the *Nation*, has contributed two articles on Liberalism to the *Spectator*.

Mr. Snowden roars very gently to his new audience. He tells us that a Labor Government will, it is true, introduce a method of production by which the capital in an industry will be unified on a basis of collective ownership, but —

the change aimed at is not desired from any antagonism to capital. Capital is essential to production, and one of the main arguments for collective ownership of capital is that, when competitively or speculatively employed, it is largely wasted, or, at the best, not employed to its full possibilities. The growth of trusts and combines is the admission of the capitalists themselves of that truth.

Nor will this come abruptly.

The first essential condition is that public opinion should be willing to give the Labor Government a fair chance to carry out its plans. Given that, the Labor Government will then proceed, tentatively and gradually, to nationalize those industries and services which have reached

the most advanced stage of monopoly and concentration. The industries and services ripe for this transformation are land, mines, railways, electric power, banking, and insurance.

There is no idea of confiscating private property and forcibly dispossessing present owners. It is important not to dislocate production. 'The very fear of confiscation would have disastrous results.' It would induce capitalists to neglect their property. This would be directly contrary to Labor interests. 'The more efficient the capitalist concerns transferred to the State, the better would be the prospect of the success of public management.'

Moreover, 'the mere act of nationalization will not of itself bring any benefits inherent in it. . . . The supreme test of nationalization will be its capacity to discover, to encourage, and to employ the highest technical and managerial ability.'

Coming down to a practical programme, the first Labor Parliament will hardly be able to carry through more than one or two of these schemes. Probably the mines and the railways will first be taken over by the Government.

The Labor Party is in favor of increasing income taxes until luxurious idleness is abolished. It advocates a

levy on capital as an emergency measure. It would tax inherited wealth, so as practically to prevent the transmission of great estates from one generation to another. In defense of this, Mr. Snowden quotes Andrew Carnegie: 'The "Almighty Dollar bequeathed to children is an Almighty Curse. . . . The drastic application of the inheritance tax is eventually to be one of the most efficacious instruments in preparing the way for economic equality.'

Mr. Snowden expects 'a Labor Government to err rather on the side of conservatism than of extremism. While consistent in its principles, it would hesitate to go too fast. It would know full well that it could not move faster than public opinion.' Moreover, a Labor Government 'would not be a class Government. . . . No Labor Government would ever be the Government merely of the manual-labor class. . . . There is only one class in the community with whom the Labor Party has little sympathy, and that is the class who live upon the rest, without rendering any useful social service. Frankly, the aim of a Labor Government would be the gradual elimination of this class.'

Labor is officially free trade. 'Believing that protection breeds ill-will between nations, and is even a cause of war, it stands for free trade; and in this is supported by the working-class organizations in the Continental countries.'

Naturally Mr. Snowden's articles, which constitute an authoritative, though more or less academic, exegesis of Labor Party policy, have called forth several replies. The *Morning Post* itself followed Mr. Snowden's articles with a series in refutation, by Ian Colvin, who objects that Mr. Snowden's moderation is not shared by his colleagues, and quotes at length from official declarations of the Labor Party,

speeches by Labor leaders, the Labor press, and even the private correspondence of Labor representatives, to show that the Party is in sympathy with Continental Socialism, and even, to some extent, with the Bolsheviks. He also attacks Labor's fiscal policy — especially the levy upon capital — and the general tendency of its social programme.

Mr. Garvin in the *Observer* writes: 'I do not believe that the Socialist plan will do anything but aggravate the difficulties of a country whose governing problems are external and not internal. Our problems are of a kind which Socialists would have to solve, if they could, by the same means as other people, and without help, though with much hindrance, from their distinctive social doctrine.' He thinks a Labor Party in power 'by mere reliance upon taxation would aggravate the worst features of the present-day fiscal policy, and be forced by its pledges to apply the capital levy in circumstances in which it would produce the greatest damage for the least result.'

Herbert Sidebotham, writing in the *Sunday Times*, accuses Mr. Snowden of stealing his stage properties from the Liberal Party. His taxation scheme is borrowed from Lloyd George. His plea to abolish food taxes is old-fashioned Manchester doctrine. His great scheme of public improvements is the plan of Sir Eric Geddes.

The truth, of course, is that the Labor Party idea of itself as a collection of men with frightfully advanced views is just pious self-deception, encouraged by the diatribes of the *Morning Post*. So far from being the pioneers of political thought, they are the mere gleaners of Liberal and Conservative ideas, which they try vainly to revolve as in an orrery round the sun of Marx, burned out during the war.

Mr. Massingham, whose first article in the *Spectator* is entitled 'The Passing

of Liberalism,' says that within the last few years 'the Liberal Party has shrunk to a group, and the Labor group has expanded to a party.' This was inevitable, for the Liberal Government belied nearly every one of its traditional principles during the war. It compromised with free trade, abandoned voluntary service, curtailed free speech, tampered with habeas corpus, and wound up its nominal control of Britain's political destinies by the Versailles Treaty, which lacked 'one tithe of the liberal spirit that Castlereagh brought to the Congress of Vienna.' On the other hand, the Liberal Party was not the prime mover in the two liberal reforms accomplished during its nominal supremacy — woman suffrage and Irish self-government. Liberal journalism, 'with one magnificent exception, — the *Manchester Guardian*,' — has passed into the hands of three great capitalists; 'and you cannot sustain even the staid Liberal constitution on a basis of cocoa and contracts.'

As a result, Labor, which might have been the aggressive force of a Liberal revival, has withdrawn to form its own party, leaving but the shell of the old organization untenanted by a vital spirit.

Mr. Massingham thinks the Labor Party has come into existence 'because it was wanted': because capitalism has failed 'to produce a well-fed, well-housed, and well-educated people,' and has 'hardly attempted to solve the graver crux of the workman's life — the want of continuous employment.' Finally he comforts his readers with this reassuring conclusion: —

The Labor Party is no new thing. It is a further slip of democracy, grafted on to the good old stock, whence Reform Bills innumerable have proceeded and will proceed to the end of time — or at least of the British Constitution.

## CURRENT OPINION IN THE ORIENT

VARIOUS interpretations are given by the Japanese press to China's growing hostility to Japan. *Kokumin* says that the movement is no more nor less than anti-alien agitation. 'The boycott of Japanese goods may at any moment develop into the boycott of European or American goods.' After noting that an anti-British boycott movement has appeared in some places, it adds: 'There are rumors that Englishmen and Americans are instigating or aiding anti-Japanese movements in China. We are not readily inclined to believe these reports; but if they are well founded the actions of such Englishmen and Americans are suicidal.'

On the other hand, *Yorodzu* insists that 'Americans are behind the anti-Japanese movements in China,' and accuses our countrymen and Englishmen of supplying funds for that movement. It admits that 'some Englishmen have washed their hands of anti-Japanese agitation, as they have realized that it might at any moment be converted into an anti-alien campaign.' Some Americans have also changed their views, especially after observing the speedy deterioration of those parts of China from which Japan has recently withdrawn her protection. However, 'all the universities and churches in China are hotbeds of anti-Japanism. . . . Just as Great Britain rules India by setting Indian princes against one another, so America is trying to estrange Japan and China and to split up China, so that she can possess herself of that vast country.'

*Hochi* condemns the Government for not making stern representations to China, since the anti-Japanese disturbances in that country are clearly a violation of Japan's treaty rights.

Vice-Admiral Kadzuyoshi Yamaji, discussing in *Nihon Oyobi Nihonjin* the

naval agreements made at the Washington Conference, attacks Admiral Kato, the present Premier, for inviting the costly naval rivalry with America when he was Minister of the Navy. Having promoted that rivalry, he made the Conference inevitable — and it was equally inevitable that any agreement made at that Conference would injure Japan. Neither America nor England aimed at world peace, but they sought to stabilize the naval strength of the Powers at the existing ratio, so as to prevent further increases in naval expenditure. They secured for themselves a full 100 per cent, while allotting only 60 per cent to Japan. This enables them 'to force their own justice and humanity on others, while suppressing Japanese justice and humanity.'

Altogether, if we may judge from a summary published in the *Herald of Asia*, this is quite a von Tirpitz article of the old style. Unhappily it represents a spirit that is receiving encouragement from the proposal to establish a powerful British naval base at Singapore.

The hardships the present fighting in Southern China causes civilians are thus described by a China correspondent to the *Shanghai Weekly Review*: —

The present internecine struggle in Kwangtung is a bitter trial, especially to the innocent inhabitants of the three war zones, where homes have been ruined by complete destruction or by looting. In Canton practically every citizen, rich or poor, young or old, is affected. The authorities have resorted to the sale of all possible temples against the protests of ward and street committees who claim ownership, and of all possible public land and buildings not actually needed for schools or administrative offices. To enlarge the war chest, trade guilds, monopoly-holders, leading organizations, district governments, and others have been ordered to pay their customary taxes in advance and

subjected to forced loans to General Headquarters.

Since payments for military expenses have preference over civil expenditure, most schools in Canton are now forced to suspend all or part of their work. In many cases the people have lost their school-houses altogether because the authorities have sold them to raise money for keeping up the war. The commandeering of private steamers and launches by the military authorities and the drafting of coolies for war transportation are great abuses. Special war-taxes have been imposed on landlords and in some cases on tenants also. The worst terror to the residents of Canton is the countless secret agents and detectives of the Government, who arrest and hold suspects on the slightest suspicion.

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#### DOMINION POLITICS

AMONG the charges brought against the Australian Labor Party is its alleged exclusion policy — a survival of jealousy toward immigrants and immigrant labor that dates back to the days of transportation and assisted immigration. However, the last census shows that in spite of the war the population of New South Wales and Queensland has increased during the last decade, under Labor Governments, 27.31 and 24.72 per cent respectively, as against an average of less than 22 per cent for the whole Commonwealth. Victoria, which is the most conservative of the states, has the smallest increase. The Labor Party is also exploiting other statistics, which show, for instance, that per capita savings-bank deposits have risen fastest in the states under a Labor Government.

As in the United States, radicalism is no longer confined to the cities. A correspondent of the *Conservative Morning Post* points out: —

It has been quite erroneously assumed that in Australia all who draw their living from the land are, as a matter of course, more or less Conservative. It is entirely



forgotten that in a country where most of the land is owned by the Crown, and is sold to small settlers at practically the price of a peppercorn, the landowners are chiefly men who have been farm laborers, or village artisans, or what is called in some countries peasantry. Thus in Queensland there is a sugar industry, and nearly 5000 cane-growers, on their own land, average less than forty acres per head of cultivated area. Many of these growers have never forgotten the Labor politics with which they were imbued almost from their cradles. A similar story may be told of the dairy-farmers, field vegetable, maize, arrowroot, and tobacco growers.

At one time it was believed that Labor owed its chief support to the great aggregations of people in the towns; but the results, not only of the last but of the previous state election in Queensland, show that the support of Labor has drifted from the cities to the country. Unbiased calculations concerning the Queensland election just held show that while Labor in the chief metropolitan centre polled a minority of votes, it secured in the country a majority—a thing which a few years ago seemed absolutely impossible.

General Smuts is the only signatory of the Versailles Treaty who retains office as Prime Minister; and there is naturally some speculation as to how long he will survive. At each crisis some of his followers have melted away—and crises are about as common in South African politics as elsewhere. The Boers have a deep-rooted mistrust of cleverness, and General Smuts is undoubtedly clever. The English, who have less aversion for this quality, are offended because the present Government, as they think, discriminates against Englishmen in the Civil Service and the Defense Force; and they are beginning to wonder if a Labor Government, with British Nationalist support, would not be better than the present coalition. General Smuts has been continuously in office for seventeen years, and many would like to

gamble on a change, even if they have no positive grievances against the present Cabinet.

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#### FRENCH DEVELOPMENT IN AFRICA

FRANCE proposes to increase cotton production under her own flag. Several new plantations have been opened this year in Algiers, where a net profit of 3500 francs a hectare is reported from this crop. Cotton equal to the best Egyptian has already been raised in French Sudan. Some seven or eight thousand acres are under cultivation experimentally, and a much greater area will be planted as soon as the irrigation works now being constructed along the Niger are completed.

Central Africa is also beginning to raise wheat. Three years ago 15,000 tons of flour were imported annually, chiefly for the use of European residents. Already the country is self-sufficing, flour mills having been erected at Timbuctu and Kati. Power for these mills is furnished by Diesel engines using peanut oil for fuel.

We seldom think of the Sudan as a future source of meat supply, though the records of big game brought back by hunters and cinema men might have suggested this possibility. However, large freezing works are projected in French West Africa, with a capacity of 65,000 tons of chilled meat and packed provisions per annum.

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#### 'PAX AMERICANA'

PROFESSOR ULRICH KAHRSTEDT, of Leipzig University, has followed Spengler, Ferrero, and other historian-diagnostics with an interpretation of the present world-situation in the light of ancient history. This latest addition to the literature of historical parallels is entitled *Pax Americana*, and draws an analogy between the period when

Rome rose to mastery of the Mediterranean basin, and the age that is just beginning. The author regards the United States as the Rome of the future, destined to play the same part toward weakened, bankrupt, mangled Europe that Rome once played toward Hellas and the Hellenic State system of the Eastern Mediterranean. Once again civilization's centre of gravity is shifted; this time from the Old World to the New.

In the same way that during the third and second centuries before Christ the local animosities and political blindness of Greek statesmen paved the way for Italy's Mediterranean Empire, so Europe's dissensions to-day, and the unappeasable hatreds that fester in her breast, doom her inevitably to economic decline and eventual subjugation by the powerful, united, confident, and morally self-justified Republic of the West. When an American observer at the Lausanne Conference declared that no nation will resist more vigorously than the American nation any attempt to deprive it of the power to forestall war and maintain peace in any part of the world, and that the Americans will never consent to having their war vessels excluded from any seas where the peaceful interests of their merchants call for protection, he but stated in modern form the message that Roman proconsuls and legates made familiar to the ancient world. Europe will have occasion to recall the words that Agelaos spoke to the Macedonian King after the Ætolian defeat in 217 B.C.

If you wait until the storm now rising in the west breaks over Hellas, I greatly fear that truces, wars, and all else with which we now are occupied will be taken so completely from our control that we shall beseech the gods to permit us again to make war, conclude peace, and decide our controversies of our own free will.

#### MINOR NOTES

THE coal output of the Saar territory, which was about 13,000 tons a day in 1912, and had declined to less than 9000 tons in 1919, has gradually increased to approximately 11,000 tons. Curiously enough, the proportion sent into France, apart from Alsace-Lorraine, decreased from 52 per cent in 1920 to 30 per cent last year, while the proportion going to Germany has risen from less than one per cent to more than 11 per cent, or to one third as much as it was before the war—an illustration of the ability of economic laws to overleap political barriers.

SARDINIA is not exactly the place where one would expect to find the largest artificial lake in Europe, and, according to the Italian papers, in the world. Nevertheless, that island claims this distinction. A hydroelectric development has recently been completed on the River Tirso, near Oristano, in the course of which 420,000,000 cubic metres of water have been impounded; and this is only the first of a series of seven artificial reservoirs included in the present project. The water is to be used both for power and irrigation, and the new works are expected to give constant employment to more than 200,000 people.

THE Swiss correspondent of *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, writing from Nizhni Novgorod in May, discovers some evidence of recent improvements in that city:—

Many houses have been freshly painted, the street cars are running again, though they sway and tip so on the uneven road-bed that you expect them to leave the track at every moment. The shops are filled with an abundance of provisions; excellent fruit—oranges, lemons, figs, and dates—are peddled on the street at very low prices.

## WHY THE SANTIAGO CONFERENCE FAILED

BY DON RAFAEL NIETO

*[The author of the following interesting exposition of Mexican opinion is at the present time Governor of the State of San Luis Potosí. He was formerly Secretary of the Treasury in President Carranza's Cabinet, and was at one time President of the National Railways of Mexico.]*

From *El Universal*, June 25  
(MEXICO MODERATE LIBERAL DAILY)

THE Pan-American Congress at Santiago has failed. This is the fifth failure. The only difference is that the failure of this Congress is more to be regretted than that of its predecessors held during the past three decades, at Washington, Mexico, Rio de Janeiro, and Buenos Aires. In our present hour of stress and need, when far-reaching and inevitable social changes are in the air, we fondly imagined that the delegates who met at Santiago would not come back with quite empty hands. But the failure was foredoomed. The Governments of most of the American Republics, and especially of the stronger Powers, cannot, in their present form, become true vehicles of continental solidarity.

Economic unity of the two Americas must precede any Pan-American political understanding, and such economic unity cannot be realized until it is founded upon equality of economic rights among all American countries, big and little.

Right there lies the difficulty. The Governments of the stronger republics, which are the tools of powerful plutocracies, cannot tolerate international economic equality. Their interest is the interest of exploiters of undeveloped countries. They are intent upon maintaining special privileges. In case of the United States, this economic superiority assumes a militarist, an-

nexationist, expansionist, and aggressive form. In the stronger countries of South America, scarcely concealed economic rivalries are already manifesting themselves in the train of political and military rivalries already well developed. It may be that Mexico is the only nation in America that has shaken off the sovereignty of a plutocratic class, and that therefore cherishes no designs of economic and political supremacy and is ready to welcome unselfishly a continental understanding in which all parties are treated precisely alike.

If a majority of the nations of America, including the United States, had extricated themselves from the clutches of their plutocracies, the Pan-American Congress would logically and necessarily have abolished war and provided for the coöperative exploitation of the richest continents on the globe. It would have set up a Court of Justice for the two Americas, and have erected an economic and political federation greater than the world has ever seen.

In that case, we should not have blushed as we do at present to hear the vaunting phrase: 'America for the Americans,' which is in reality but a narcotic formula that really signifies 'America for the United States.' No motive would have existed to make the Washington Delegation refuse explicitly

and rudely to incorporate the Monroe Doctrine in an international treaty to be signed by all the Governments of the Americas.

But to bring about this happier condition would require a revolution in every American republic, especially in the great and powerful ones. I do not mean a devastating and bloody revolution. I mean a change in national mentality, such as is already under way — a social-intellectual revolution that is no longer a thing of the future but is even now progressing in our very midst, that is constantly manifesting its presence, that is knocking loudly at the portals of history.

Social evolution does not follow the steady and regular course that the Neo-Darwinians of two decades ago taught us; it is subject to pauses and interruptions, followed by periods of rapid progress when society moves forward by leaps and bounds.

Our present social revolution is manifesting itself both in international affairs and in relation to the rights of property, under guises that stand-patters stigmatize as heresies. But society progresses through heresies. Christianity was a heresy at the beginning. Protestantism was a heresy in its day. The emancipation of the slaves and the manumission of the Indians were considered at one time both economic and moral heresies. Such heresies are the stepping-stones to truth. America, like the rest of the world, has ventured upon a new heretical adventure, and is suffering from the shock of the crisis this produces. In other words, America, like the rest of the world, is in the full swing of a social revolution.

Let us not confuse this with the political revolutions so familiar in Latin-American countries, which bring to pass a sudden change in the form of a government or in its personnel.

Merely political revolutions affect only political institutions. They are superficial and unimportant changes, which scarcely graze the economic and social epidermis of the communities where they occur, and leave unaltered the condition of the masses.

Industrial revolutions go much deeper. They are rooted in the social substructure. They affect the means by which men gain their living. They transform methods of production and modify the distribution and acquisition of wealth.

Social revolutions usually have some features of the other two forms of revolution just described. They are always associated with violent changes in the economic and industrial structure. They involve radical modification in political institutions and economic life, in the customs of the people, in law, in morals, and in national psychology.

Political revolutions may be brought about by individual leaders. Industrial and social revolutions 'reach us through the dark and subterranean channels of history.' They are the products of internal social forces uncontrollable by the State. They are due to the failure of a social system to provide the physical welfare and the personal freedom that the masses demand. They represent a violent liquidation of the past, and manifest themselves in a vigorous and free public spirit that reforms and remodels accepted social values.

It is in such a revolution that America and the world are involved to-day. Governments and plutocratic classes cannot escape it. Regenerative social forces are causing a rapid spurt forward in evolution, over which individual men, no matter how powerful, have no control.

In history the first phases of social transformations have always been

peaceful. The French Revolution began with a popular legislative assembly that merely demanded back rights that had been taken away from the people by the feudal aristocracy. Its violent phases did not begin until the autocrats sought to defeat the revolution by armed force. The revolt of the American colonies started with peaceful and legal meetings, where citizens attempted to exercise their constitutional rights. Violence did not appear until British soldiers fired on the people at the order of England's merchant oligarchy. The Mexican Revolution began with the peaceful discussion of ways and means for depriving a plutocratic oligarchy of its usurped powers. It did not assume a violent form until that oligarchy sought to deprive its opponents of the fundamental rights of man.

In Mexico the destruction of wealth and the decline of production were not the simple results of a violent and ruinous political crisis. On the contrary, the revolution itself was the inevitable outcome of our political disintegration and of the economic corruption that culminated in the shortsighted and criminal abuses of the old régime. The violent excesses that ensued later were an inevitable reaction against the blind obstructions men tried to oppose to an irresistible movement toward social renovation that has not yet run its course.

Until the nations of America — as one of the first steps in the social revolution in which we are involved — disembarass themselves of their plutocratic oligarchies, congresses like the one held at Santiago are predestined to fail — to demonstrate the inability of a system that makes machines of men at home, and that imposes economic servitude upon undeveloped countries, to devise a truly international programme.

At Santiago the same trifling questions were discussed and agreed upon that were debated in previous Pan-American Congresses — patent rights, trade marks, sanitary regulations, and the like. However, since the good resolutions of the Congress serve principally the purposes of the United States, they are never ratified by the legislatures of her sister republics.

But when it came to fundamental questions, the delegates at Santiago walked as if they were treading upon thistles. When it was proposed to form an American League of Nations, by President Brum of Uruguay, the United States promptly countered with a *Noli me tangere*, as was demanded by its unilateral and imperialist programme. When a reorganization of the Pan-American Union was fought for by the delegates from Costa Rica, a compromise was accepted that brings the blush to every Latin-American; for all recoiled in face of the determined attitude of the United States. The debate on the project presented by the Judicial Committee of the Congress in favor of establishing an Inter-American Court of Justice, with obligatory jurisdiction over international disputes, was quickly blocked by the Washington delegates, despite the professions of President Harding's Administration that the United States endorses the international Court at The Hague. Such an Inter-American tribunal might embarrass the White House, by taking cognizance of incidents in the Caribbean, where United States marines have reduced to vassalage American peoples that were formerly free.

Limitation of armaments, which was the question of transcendental importance before the Conference, ended with a dispute between Brazil and Chile. The naval and military programme initiated at Rio de Janeiro by President Pessoa, and aided by an



expert commission from the United States, ran contrary to the pacifist programme outlined by President Alessandri when he was candidate for the Presidency of Chile. It was impossible at Santiago even to accomplish the little that was accomplished at The Hague, when M. Bourgeois made his sarcastic remark: 'The world assembled to guarantee peace, and merely succeeded in sanctioning war.'

To repeat, the Pan-American Congress at Santiago, like a biological hybrid, proved sterile. It was not possible to reconcile the economic imperialism of the United States with the autonomy of the smaller nations of America. It was not possible to harmonize the lofty international ideals of our more progressive Latin-American statesmen with the callous conscience of professional diplomacy. A minority of the representatives of the smaller American States, who represent the new revolutionary mentality, found themselves in Santiago in the embar-

assing and disturbing situation of a dove that flies into a church and finds a tiger officiating at the altar.

When doctrines that are now but the heralds of a coming social regeneration have been tempered and tried in practice, when statesmen from Quebec to Santiago and Buenos Aires are true representatives of the working commoners of America, when we no longer have plutocracies that covet the natural wealth of the continent as the 'merrie men of England' once coveted the gold of the Spanish galleons, when a revolution, either democratic and pacific or autocratic and violent, has removed from power men who demand of weaker nations their purse or their life, — and ordinarily take both their purse and their life, — then and only then will Pan-American Congresses cease to be hybrid and sterile. Then we shall not be putting new wines into old bottles; then the economic and political solidarity of America will be a reality.

## WASHINGTON'S DISILLUSIONMENT AT SANTIAGO

From *La Prensa*, June 2  
(BUENOS AIRES LIBERAL DAILY)

SPANISH AMERICA has read with surprise the summary of the report that the chairman of the American delegation to the Santiago Conference submitted on his return to the Secretary of State at Washington.

We are inclined to believe that this summary is intended to be conventional; that it does not contain what the chairman of the delegation actually reported to his chief. If this is not the case, if the delegation of the United

States did no more than convey to its Government the optimistic impressions the cable dispatches mention, then it is clear that the members failed to comprehend the true meaning of the situation that developed at Santiago, and its consequences.

What did happen at Santiago and has been incompletely, at times inaccurately, and always overoptimistically reported to the Government and the people of the United States, should

be plainly and truly told in the interest of the future success of Pan-American policies, which at this moment are passing through a serious crisis. It is imperative that the Government and the people of the United States should know the truth and the whole truth of what happened at Santiago.

American students of public affairs were at Santiago and have recently been in Buenos Aires, thoroughly investigating this subject, and they will doubtless take it upon themselves to rectify the misconceptions that have thus been encouraged in the United States, and to present to the people at home the other side of the medal.

When the delegation of the United States was on its way to Santiago, its chairman gave a public interview at Lima outlining a most optimistic programme of political and commercial measures that his delegation hoped to see adopted by the Conference. When the members arrived at Santiago, however, his optimism proved exaggerated and his plans impossible, because the other delegates manifested a strong bias against his country and its proposals, a sullen suspicion of Pan-Americanism, and a hostile attitude not shown at any previous Congress.

This spirit of antagonism and distrust was not brought there by the delegates of the great South American Powers — Argentina or Brazil — but by the representatives of Governments immediately affected by the policies and programmes of the United States.

The delegation from Cuba — whose sovereignty is limited by the Platt Amendment, and whose internal affairs are subject to Washington's incessant intervention — and the delegations from Panama and the five Central American republics — of which one is under the immediate military supervision of the United States and the

others are subject to its diplomatic control — started this resistance.

They proposed a reform in the constitution of the Pan-American Union, which, as at present organized, serves the exclusive interests of the United States. The plenipotentiaries who form its council are naturally hampered in their freedom of action by the diplomatic position they occupy at Washington, and by the overwhelming moral and political influence exercised by the Secretary of State, who is invariably their chairman.

The republics mentioned proposed a radical change in the constitution of the Union, which would liberate it in some degree from Washington's control. It was to cease to be a bureau directed by the Secretary of State. Though they did not accomplish all they sought, they made some progress, thanks to the intervention of the Argentine Republic. Henceforth the Governments represented on the Executive Council will appoint their delegates regardless of whether they are or are not accredited to the Washington Government.

This partial, though fundamental, reform did not accomplish all the republics in question wished, but it is of vital moment because it enables Governments like that of Mexico, which are not diplomatically recognized by the United States, to appoint a representative on the Executive Council of the Pan-American Union.

The action thus taken was naturally a deep disappointment for the delegates of the United States, and was characteristic of the crisis through which White House Pan-Americanism is now passing.

Furthermore, the absence of Mexico, Peru, and Bolivia from the Conference, the protests of Haiti and Santo Domingo, the dissatisfaction of the delegates of Cuba, Ecuador, Colombia, and

Venezuela, are equally symptomatic of the open discontent exhibited by at least fifteen of the Spanish-American countries — precisely the countries where the political, military, and commercial influence of the United States is strongest.

Brazil and Uruguay for well-known political reasons are very friendly to the United States, and apparently endorsed its international policies. Chile found herself in a peculiar position. Her hands were tied by the pending arbitration of the Tacna and Arica dispute, and her statesmen were not able to act as they would have liked. Prudence counseled a temporizing policy.

Argentina maintained an attitude of dignified reserve, friendly toward the United States, jealous of her own rights, and respectful toward the legitimate aspirations of others.

This hasty review of the Pan-American situation indicates that the Santiago Conference was convened at an unwise and inopportune moment; for, to quote an important Havana daily, 'Spanish America is in a challenging mood, and these are not Olympic games.' Chile hastened to call the Conference as an act of courtesy toward the United States, feeling bound to do so on account of the pending arbitration just mentioned. Washington's anxiety to promote these Conferences is well-known. But Chile blundered, for her act only unsettled Spanish-American relations without bettering them. Not only did her action fail to promote Pan-Americanism, but it revived certain dissensions among ourselves, particularly along the River Plata.

The chairman of the Washington delegation informed the Secretary of State that the Santiago Congress was successful because it ratified four conventions and passed seventy resolutions. But we know that these were

mostly mere gestures of courtesy, and that the conventions will not be ratified by all the nations present, to say nothing of those that were not represented.

The United States was especially interested in the trade-marks convention. Well and good! After thirty-four years of effort, matters were left at Santiago in the same situation in which they were after the Conferences of 1890 and 1906. Trade marks registered in Cuba or in Brazil will be valid in any American republic so long as 'they conform with local legislation.' This merely adds a new complication to the original procedure. American firms are now obliged not only to register their trade marks in Cuba or Rio de Janeiro, but also to register them partially in every other country, in order to comply with local legislation — in each instance meeting countless counterclaims from their commercial rivals.

Last of all, we should not overlook that Venezuela has declined to ratify the trade-mark convention, that Chile and Argentina have tabled it, and that Mexico, Peru, and Bolivia took no part in these proceedings.

The other conventions, declarations, and recommendations are simply platonic. They are commonplaces about fraternity, peace, and conciliation, which everybody endorsed as a matter of course after the delegates had defeated concrete proposals to limit armaments and to arbitrate international disputes. Indeed, the United States delegates took an active part in defeating the latter two proposals. Certain other resolutions and recommendations are simply adjournments of topics until future Conferences, or references of questions to special committees for study and report.

No positive and concrete progress was made in any subject of primary importance. The present commissions

and the new ones that it is proposed to appoint, at the direct or indirect initiative of the United States, displease most of the Spanish-American Governments, because they impose largely ornamental charges upon their already overburdened treasuries.

Artificiality and affectation have reached such a point that the Santiago Conference passed a resolution congratulating the Institute of International Law, founded at Washington, for having established branches in twenty-one republics. The resolution declared an untruth, for no such branches existed in a majority of these republics. There is one in Cuba under the immediate supervision of the United States. From time to time two or three people in Uruguay or Brazil attempt to materialize a spectral organization by that name; but such an institution has never actually taken root in either of these countries.

Meanwhile the fundamental questions that the Conference was called upon to consider — international arbitration, disarmament, uniform trademark and patent laws, uniform customs regulations, uniform currency, the Monroe Doctrine, and all the other matters of supreme importance that the United States has had under consideration since 1890 — were left untouched.

In the question of armaments, the attitude of the United States has been disappointing. Although its Government initiated the proposal for universal disarmament, and drafted the portion of the Santiago agenda dealing with this subject, its delegates abandoned their programme and supported a policy inconsistent with these ideals — a policy that encourages in South America increased expenditure for military purposes and a state of mind looking toward future wars. Why did the United States thus encourage discord among brothers?

We agree entirely with the chairman of the American delegation as to the tact and prudence that he and his colleagues displayed when they discovered the sentiment of the Congress. It does honor to the tact and good sense of the American delegates that they never attempted to exercise pressure, although they were undoubtedly surprised and disappointed by the situation that confronted them.

The American delegation did appear inconsistent and did excite some distrust in connection with the disarmament question. In view of the formulation of this subject in the programme of the Congress, Chile and the United States ought to have presented at the outset concrete suggestions, and they should have insistently urged positive action in the direction of disarmament. But the delegates of the United States indirectly favored Brazil's present military superiority over her neighbors, and their silence on this subject has seemed to approve militarist policies in South America.

The chairman of the delegation recognizes that all the Spanish-American republics agree in regarding the Monroe Doctrine as a national policy of the United States, which cannot be imposed upon those Latin-American countries that refuse to accept it.

Pan-Americanism is certainly worthy of the utmost attention from the Government of the United States and the other American republics. From both the cultural and the commercial standpoint such a policy will unquestionably serve all the nations concerned. The United States has a great duty to perform as a promoter of this policy. But it must be reorganized upon a different basis, with an eye to the discontent that now exists in a majority of the Latin-American countries, in order to remove that discontent by a sincere and generous course of action.

## CAN JAPAN AND AMERICA FIGHT?

BY CAPTAIN MIZUNO HIRONORI

*[We print below the key paragraphs from a widely read article in the Tokyo Chuo Koren, or Central Review, as translated in the Japan Chronicle. The author lost his position in the Navy Department for publishing an article on the psychology of soldiers and sailors. His present article was called forth by the defense scheme of the Japanese Government following the reduction in the army and navy. According to this plan, in case of war 'complete connection — that is, with Asia — is to be established across certain straits, remote regions are to be placed under strict guard, military action is to be taken in certain areas of the Continent.' In other words, China is to be controlled as a source of indispensable military materials.]*

From the Japan Chronicle, June 14  
(KOBE ANGLO-JAPANESE WEEKLY)

WE neither wish for, nor expect, a war with America. But we must always presuppose an imaginary enemy when discussing the question of national defense in a concrete manner, for armaments without an imaginary enemy are like shooting without a target. It is only out of diplomatic caution and courtesy that the authorities say that Japan's national defense is not directed against any imaginary enemy. When a nation sets up armaments, it is an unpleasant but unavoidable necessity that it should choose as the imaginary enemy the friendly nation with which it has the greatest chance of going to war. It is on this supposition that the new national defense policy has to be discussed.

When Japan has a naval force represented by 6 against 10 for America, it is absolutely impossible that Japan, extending over one thousand knots from the Osumi Strait in the south to the Tsugaru Strait in the north, should be 'blockaded' in the technical sense of the word. If the country is to be blockaded, it must be after she has lost all her navy. Taking the word in the loose sense of 'having foreign trade cut off,' however, there is no doubt whatever that Japan will be blockaded

to a considerable extent in the event of a conflict with America. For the trade with North and South America will entirely cease. Owing to the activities of American cruisers and converted cruisers in the Atlantic and Mediterranean, trade with Europe must also be reduced to a half.

Dealings with Australia and South Africa will likewise be menaced to some extent. Moreover, as the British Colonies will be kindly disposed to America in case of a war between Japan and America, it will be extremely difficult for Japan to get goods from these countries. Even supposing, therefore, that Japan succeeds in keeping the mastery of the China Sea and the Eastern Sea by taking the Philippines, the regions in which Japan can safely trade will be roughly limited to the areas from India eastward. If she does not succeed in taking the Philippines, Japan's trade will be confined to water from the Straits of Formosa northward. In these circumstances it is evident that 'it will be necessary for her to obtain foodstuffs and munitions of war from the neighboring countries.'

According to the new defense plan, the army is under the stress of necessity to take by force the goods from those



countries. Now the neighboring countries in which Japan can use force are China and Siberia. But as Siberia is still backward in civilization and poor in production, China must be the country which the army has chiefly in view. So Japanese militarists are still treading in the steps of Germany, which incurred the world's antipathy and enmity by trampling upon the neutrality of Belgium. No wonder that China dreads and hates Japan.

In modern war, economic power plays even a more important rôle than military power itself. . . . Iron is the most important munition of war. According to the investigations made by the Japanese army, one soldier expended from 3 to 3.8 tons of steel a year in the European War. At this rate the quantity required for an army of 1,000,000 men would be from 3,000,000 to 3,800,000 tons a year. Though in a hypothetical war between Japan and America, where land fighting will not be on so large a scale, this much will not be required, yet consumption will reach two or three times the figure for normal times.

Now, by working the furnaces in Japan, Korea, and Manchuria to their fullest capacity, it is calculated that it will be possible to bring the annual production up to 2,150,000 tons of steel. Japan's highest output hitherto has been but 620,000 tons; and 2,150,000 tons is about twice her normal annual consumption. But with adequate supplies of ore, it will be practicable to increase the figure further still. Of the iron ore used here, however, less than one third is mined in Japan and Korea, while the rest is imported chiefly from China. Moreover, the iron ore, ingots, slabs, plates, rods, bars, wire, and tubes she imported during 1921 aggregated in value \$78,973,000, of which sixty per cent was from America.

In addition, Japan annually imports a large quantity of iron goods in the shape of building materials, cars, and machinery, of which ten per cent is from America. In view of these facts, it is clear that even if our military demand for steel could be met by importing raw materials from China, the stoppage of American iron and steel during a possible war would deal a serious blow to Japanese industry. And if Chinese iron cannot be obtained, Japan will be quite unable to prosecute a war.

About half our raw cotton, which is essential to cotton spinning—the most important manufacturing industry in Japan—and is also indispensable for making guncotton and other munitions of war, comes from America, while only five per cent is from China. Were Great Britain to allow Indian cotton to be exported freely to this country, no deficiency might be felt so far as material for explosives and clothing for domestic consumption is concerned. But our export trade in cotton goods will sustain a fatal blow and the national economy may well be shaken to the foundations.

A leading rôle in any war with America must necessarily be played by the navy. As fuel for warships, heavy oil is more important than coal. However, our annual output of petroleum is only 330,000 tons, of which heavy oil constitutes only 50,000 tons. Now, 50,000 tons of heavy oil would not supply our fleet, with the strictest economy, for more than one month. This is a fatal flaw in Japan's national armor, and explains why her Government is so eager to acquire northern Sakhalin. Even in times of peace her local oilwells supply less than half the fuel consumed by her internal-combustion engines and for lighting. In 1921 she imported \$8,000,000 worth of petro-

leum, of which nearly three fourths came from the United States.

Japan receives all her wool and woolen goods, which are likewise essential for military and civilian uses, from Australia, South Africa, and England. In case of war, she must depend for these on her mastery of the sea and the good-will of other nations.

It is obvious, therefore, that Japan can only procure from China most of the steel and some five per cent of the raw cotton that she requires; and that even were she to requisition Chinese resources by force of arms, they will not nearly meet her needs.

However, the greatest handicap that Japan would experience in a war with America would be commercial. The most important item in her foreign trade is raw and manufactured silk, eighty-two per cent of which goes to the United States. The sudden loss of this market would obviously bring a sudden and utter ruin to all interested in her silk industry. The second largest item in her foreign trade is cotton yarn and textiles, the manufacture of which, as we have seen, would largely cease as soon as her supplies of raw cotton from the United States were cut off by hostilities. The loss of her exports of silk, silk goods, and cotton goods would reduce Japan's foreign shipments by two thirds; so even assuming that she continued to hold the mastery of the sea from India eastward, and the other Powers remained strictly neutral, Japan's foreign trade would suffer most severely.

Some Japanese argue that war can be conducted without money, as Europe's recent experience shows; but this is true only of nations that enjoy strong credit, that can borrow freely in outside markets, and that are independent of foreign countries for their raw materials, munitions of war, and foodstuffs. Russia's collapse was due

to the exhaustion of her economic power. As Japan depends on foreign countries for her raw materials, war munitions, and foodstuffs, she must have adequate funds with which to buy them. Even were she to control China, she could not exact commodities from that country without adequate payment.

Furthermore, in a war with the United States, America would make every effort to prevent Japan's procuring goods from neutrals, and doubtless would outbid her for supplies in neutral markets. Even in China, which we assume for the sake of argument to be in Japan's sphere of influence, America could buy goods through neutral citizens. Indian cotton, Dutch oil, and Australian wool would inevitably be sold to the highest bidder.

Therefore, a war between Japan and America will be a war of finances, as much as of arms. International law and the rules of war have utterly lost authority; the distinction between contraband and noncontraband merchandise, and between combatants and noncombatants, has ceased to exist. The fundamental strategy of modern warfare is to destroy any and every element of combative strength possessed by the enemy. This works especially to the detriment of a nation that has to live on foreign goods and fight with foreign materials. Therefore, it is an insult to economists and to economic reason for our national defense policy to be determined by soldiers alone, who lack economic knowledge, when economics play a far more important part than military power in modern warfare.

But even granting for argument's sake that Japan is economically strong enough to sustain a protracted conflict with America, and that she can obtain from China raw materials sufficient to carry on, it may still be questioned

whether her army could control China by force, as proposed in the new defense policy.

In the event of a war breaking out between America and Japan, China can take one of three courses: (1) She can declare war against America in alliance with Japan, in which case it will be in Japan's power freely to make use of the resources and territory and people of China, without using force. (2) She can declare war against Japan in alliance with America, in which case Japan will be in a position to bring armed pressure to bear upon China and requisition her resources, though this will entail an immense cost in money and man-power, and even then it is extremely doubtful how far the attempt at controlling China's vast territory and population will succeed. (3) She can declare neutrality, in which case it will be impossible for Japan to take from her foodstuffs and war materials without making herself a focus of universal hatred such as Germany brought upon herself by violating the neutrality of Belgium.

In these circumstances, it is as clear as day that China will declare herself neutral in case of a war between Japan and America; and it behooves Japan to formulate her national defense policy and strategical scheme on that assumption. It should also be remembered that even if China remains neutral it will make a considerable difference to Japan's operations whether she is favorable to Japan or America, and that it must be regretfully admitted that neither the Government nor the people of China have been or are friendly to Japan.

As for the attitude of other Powers, the European nations hard hit by the war, and those second-class and lesser Powers, which have no particular interest in Japan or America, will declare neutrality. The South American na-

tions, which are under America's influence, may perhaps take sides with America, but they are not of much consequence either from the economic or the military point of view. Of the other Powers, Germany and Russia will be strictly neutral, the former for lack of military force and the latter for reasons of domestic policy, though, in view of the present unpleasant relations between Russia and Japan, Russia may take action in revenge for Japan's Siberian expedition. France and Italy may possibly show good-will to this country, but their good-will will be of little practical value.

What will have the most important bearing upon Japan will then be the attitude of Britain and her colonies. At present, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Canada are all anti-Japanese and pro-American, as was indicated at the time of the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. As for the United Kingdom, it is hard to foresee what its attitude will be, so wary and calculating are the British people. It is clear, however, that they could not welcome Japan's success, which must mean a menace to India. It would seem altogether that Europe would not be sorry to have Japan and America fight and fall together. In the present state of international relations, in short, Japan should be prepared to fight single-handed, while Britain and her colonies as well as China maintained pro-American neutrality.

Naval strength having been limited by the Washington agreement, the question of armaments concerns the army chiefly. The army authorities, who had persistently opposed a reduction on the grounds that Soviet Russia and the Chinese army were a menace, were compelled by the intense demand of the awakened nation to consent to one last year, but it was a very half-hearted and lukewarm meas-

ure. The war establishment of the army is kept secret. From the fact, however, that the total peace establishment is twenty-one divisions, or 230,000 men, and that the term of service is two years, it is to be gathered that the number of conscripts annually enrolled is about 120,000. And as the active and first reserve services together cover a term of seven years, the men that can be levied in war time from these two sources will number 840,000, who will make up forty-two divisions, as it is customary in all countries that the war strength of a division should be twice its peace strength. Adding to the number those on the second reserve lists extending over ten years, the total trained troops that can be called out in time of war will be about 2,000,000, or at least 1,400,000, even allowing for a decrease of thirty per cent by death and otherwise.

Where is this large army going to be employed in the event of a war with America? According to the new national defense policy, it is to be used for guarding 'remote regions'—Formosa, Hokkaido, Sakhalin, Korea—and occupying China. But however foolish the American General Staff may be, they will never venture to land large forces in remote regions of Japan so long as the Japanese navy is afloat. If our navy is annihilated and connection with the mainland is cut off, the troops stationed in those regions will only expose themselves to danger without serving any useful purpose. Whether the Japanese fleet continues in existence or otherwise, therefore, it will be either unnecessary or meaningless to station a strong force in the remote regions. So to claim that a large army is needed for safeguarding those regions is simply an argument to hoodwink ignorant laymen. In case Japan goes into war with a foreign Power, she must indeed expect some

trouble in Korea, for this is an evil for which a nation ruling over another must be prepared. But the Koreans are not likely to raise serious disturbances, forbidden as they are to own even pistols, so that a large army need not be sent to Korea to suppress them.

The principal operations of the army must, then, be in China and, possibly, to attack the Philippines. The attitude China is likely to adopt in the event of a war between America and Japan has already been indicated. If the four hundred provinces of China are to be trampled under foot with the object of exacting goods from that country, an army of fifty or even sixty divisions will not be adequate, even if that could be done without arousing the opposition and interference of other Powers.

In any case, what can be got from China will be limited to iron enough to meet a greater part of Japan's demand and a small quantity of cotton, so that Japan will be losing ten for gaining one by such action. The proposed military action will thus be either impracticable or meaningless. Where is then the main force of the Japanese army, comprising forty-two divisions, to be used? It would be futile to discuss the occupation of California, for it would be impossible to transport the necessary troops across the Pacific.

An attack on the Philippines is perhaps the only way in which the force can be used. Japan will find it necessary to keep the American fleet in check and hold the mastery of the China Sea in order to make sure of her trade routes from India eastward. For this purpose, it will be necessary to attack and take the base of the enemy fleet. But this will be a work which necessitates the joint action of the army and navy. In modern warfare, however, it is held that it is practically impossible to land a large army at a place which is strongly defended both

by land and sea. During the European War, for instance, Germany could not take Verdun even at the cost of 500,000 lives. The Allies sacrificed over 100,000 men and several battle-ships to their unsuccessful attempt at the occupation of Gallipoli. We do not know whether the Philippines are defended to a greater or less extent than Verdun or Gallipoli, but such arms as aeroplanes, bombs, and poison gas have made much progress since the European War. Eighteen years ago, when nothing was known of aeroplanes and poison gas, it took Japan five weary months and 50,000 lives to capture Port Arthur. In order to take the Philippines, therefore, Japan should be prepared to pay a price two or three times or five times as great as for capturing Port Arthur.

All these things duly weighed, it may be doubted whether the general aspect of the supposed war will make it worth while for Japan to undertake to conquer the Philippines. This, however, depends on to what extent the island is defended. If the Japanese headquarters aim at taking the Philippines, and if the latter are strongly defended, Japan will certainly require a large army, that is, in order to cover Philippine waters with the blood of her sons and fill the valleys of the Philippines with their bones!

So long as Japan maintains an army and navy in self-defense, there is nothing to be said against adopting new weapons. In fact, it is rather a matter for wonder why that should not have been done sooner. For it is a patent fact that arms in this country, those of the army especially, are far inferior to those in possession of Occidental nations. Japan can produce neither poison gas nor tanks. Even machine-gun drill is being carried on with wooden guns! But it is in regard to aircraft that Japan lags farthest behind

Europe and America. Air navigation in Japan is now practically in the stage reached in Europe before the war. Almost all types of aircraft are indeed collected, some by purchase or others by imitation, but there are no machines originated here. It is said that even aeroplane motors cannot be manufactured in Japan. Considering the immense power which aircraft exercise in modern war, and also the fact that Japan is particularly vulnerable to aerial attacks by reason of the flimsy construction of her buildings, the great speed of winds through all seasons, and her seagirt situation, strengthening our air force is more urgent than strengthening our army or navy.

Now that depot-ships, aircraft, and bomb-dropping are so advanced, it need not be very difficult to send a hundred aeroplanes from the sea flying over Tokyo. A single powerful bomb dropped from one of them may easily smash to dust even the Marunouchi Building, which is said to be the largest building in the Far East. One hundred aeroplanes have it in their power to reduce the whole capital to ashes in one night. Should Tokyo, the political centre of the country, or Osaka, its commercial centre, be burned down, the nation would no longer have the capacity and courage to prosecute the war, even if the army and navy remained intact.

It is evident, therefore, that on the presupposition of a war with America there is no room for reduction in the navy, but it is not necessary for the army to be as large as at present. In fact, Japan may not be able to find the war materials necessary to make effectual use of such a force. It would be another question if the national defense existed merely for the purpose of intimidating foreign Powers or backing up diplomacy. But if it is for actual war, a country so deficient in



economic strength as this should adopt the defensive scheme that will be most economical and most effective withal. The aerial army should therefore be increased on a large scale, and money found by a radical reduction of the superfluously large army.

In conclusion, Japan should be prepared to fight America single-handed, for no country in the world will cast her lot with Japan. The war, when it comes, must be a drawn one. Though the War Minister urges the need of a large force of trained soldiers in order to have a short and sharp and successful war, that is a mere pretext against the reduction of the army. The enemy on the other side of the Pacific, five thousand knots away from us, will not act as the Japanese War Minister wishes.

Hence it is not a question of military forces but of economic power, whether a war with America is, or is not, practicable; and the merchant with his abacus, rather than the soldier with his sabre, is the person best qualified to answer that question. The new national defense policy is entirely sound in assuming that if Japan is blockaded it will be necessary for her to get foodstuffs and war materials from the neighboring countries. The question is how and by what means they are to be obtained. If Japan wants to fortify herself against America, she should ally herself with China and Russia, instead of disgusting China by threats of plunder on the one hand and antagonizing Russia on the other.

## BERLIN TO LONDON BY AIR

BY FRANZ FERDINAND BAUMGARTEN

From *Berliner Tageblatt*, June 23  
(LIBERAL DAILY)

'ARE you really going to fly to London?' asked the staid old banker with a smile. 'If you have a smash, people will say: It served him right! What was he flying for, anyway?'

The ladies mobilized against my wife: 'Are you really going to let him fly? Are n't you afraid — or can't you manage him?'

Practically all the airplane passengers from Berlin to London are English. The English are accustomed to airplane travel, because they have had regular service from London to Paris, Amsterdam, and Cologne for four years.

An automobile of the German Aero-Lloyd brings us to the Staaken flying-field. We enter the cabin of the plane and seat ourselves in comfortable armchairs. An English lady next to me lays a cake of chocolate and a detective story in her lap.

Our machine rises gently in spite of a violent west wind. I decide to convince myself that I am not nervous, so I fix my mind on the stock quotations in the morning paper, converting them into dollars. Hirsch Copper stands at \$57; Rhine Steel at \$117.30. After I have spent half an hour on such calculations, I absolve myself from

further discipline. I am not afraid, and I am not seasick.

We are gliding along with the utmost comfort. Somebody suggests we are making poor time. I stick my hand out of the window to see. The wind bends my fingers back until I fear they will break. We are really shooting through the air, although we are quite unconscious of our speed. We are to keep this up for ten hours, steadily toward the west, and steadily in the teeth of a fresh gale.

It is so calm in our cabin that all England has gone to sleep. A fearful gust of wind merely gives us a slight jar, but awakens our English ladies. One munches a piece of cake, another takes out her pocket mirror and daubs cold cream on her reddish nose. I take the opportunity to call their attention to the following newspaper item:—

The regular English Daimler postal plane of Hire, Ltd., D. H. 34, from London to Berlin, arrived at the Staaken field yesterday, in spite of abnormally bad weather, after a total of only five hours, twenty-three minutes in the air. She brought six passengers. The pilot was the well-known aviator, Henschlesse.

With the same pilot and the same plane we are on our way back to London to-day. Yesterday he flew with the wind; to-day he flies against it. He has a hard trip before him, but takes the trouble to jot down on a card for me the names of the important places that we pass. I wish I could write as firm a hand on my desk as he writes in this storm, with only the steering-wheel for a support.

We have been up two hours and a half. The plane suddenly tips to one side, and sweeps down toward the earth in a long loop. Assistants rush up and guide us to the hangar. We are in Hamburg. A strong odor of gasoline fills the cabin, and the English

ladies hastily reach for their smelling-salts.

Henschlesse opens the cabin door: 'Ladies, can I help you out? Gentlemen, shall I show you the restaurant?' Twenty minutes later, he comes in to say: 'Can you finish your breakfast in ten minutes? I'll be ready to start then.' I discover that there is an airplane code of courtesy. The spirit of common adventure, the politeness of a narrow circle, give tone to our intercourse. I observe none of the curtness and hurry that characterize railway employees.

Since all of the seats are taken at Hamburg, we shall not land at Bremen. We fly high over the mouth of the Elbe and the Weser. Now we are over the open sea, land to the left and a fog bank to the right. In the distance we catch a glimpse of our sentinel islands—Norderney, Juist, Amrum, and Borkum.

On and on! We are already over the Zuyder Zee. It is dotted with fishing-boats. They lie well over in the fresh gale, and leave a long wake behind them; but we shoot ahead so fast that they seem to stand still.

On and on! Again there is land beneath us—bright green, with a grating of silver ribbons crisscrossing it. These are the Holland canals. The silver network becomes thicker and thicker. We are approaching Amsterdam. Again we descend, again we circle in a long loop. We create a little vortex as we come down, which lifts the new-mown hay in the air until it surrounds our plane, falls on the wings, and makes a cloud around us as we touch the ground.

Amsterdam. One hour's stop. Then we glide upward again over bright-green meadows and a network of silver canals. A few minutes later a great mirror spreads below, infinite, grayish, spotless. We have reached the North

Sea, and are flying parallel with the coast. We catch the sparkle of the sunlight on the windows of seaports that form an almost continuous settlement along this crowded maritime highway—a boulevard of cities. On and on! One town stands out like a star—Vlissingen. In a moment it has disappeared. A city lies on a great canal. It is Heyst. A long causeway runs far out to sea. The town that clusters at its base must be Zeebrugge. A great casino and palatial hotel—and we identify Ostend. Beyond are Maria-kerke, Nieupoort, Westende, and farther inland the tower of the town hall at Furnes.

On and on! The land is veiled with mist. We catch a dim glimpse of Dunkirk and Calais. Then we turn across the Channel.

Fog above us, fog around us, descending like heavy dew upon the rough gray water beneath. In fifteen minutes we make out a dim ribbon stretching across the western distances. Our English passengers wave and shout: 'England! England!'

Blackish-gray smoke smudges appear at intervals on the sea. We draw nearer, pass over them, and are high above the cliffs of Dover.

To the traveler who approaches England by water, these dazzling white cliffs rear themselves like challenging defenders. 'The wild cliffs of

England, pride of the sea.' But they make no such impression on us, far above them in our airplane. They are no longer white, and no longer proud. They look almost trivial and ridiculous down there below. Were Philip II or Napoleon to threaten England to-day, Albion's cliffs and waves would no longer defend her. The new armada, the armada of the air, laughs at such obstacles. So these are the cliffs of Dover, England's bulwark!

On and on! The green fields of England spread below us now are darker and more luxuriant than German downs and Holland meadows. Shakespeare's England, the emerald set in the silver sea. Yonder gray needle—that is Canterbury Cathedral; yonder gray spot, Rochester.

Again gray as far as the vision reaches—London. A dark object pierces this grayish level.

'St. Paul's?' I ask.

'Crystal Palace,' answers an Englishman.

We land at Croydon flying-field. This morning the sun already stood high in the heavens when I passed the Siegestäule on my way to the aviation ground at Berlin. It is just setting as I leave our automobile near Nelson's monument. From pillar to pillar, from Berlin to London, from the East to the West, we have winged our flight in competition with the sun!

## SCENES FROM A DECAYING SOCIETY. II

From *Sovremennya Zapiski*, January-February, 1923

(PARIS RUSSIAN NON-BOLSHEVIST LITERARY AND POLITICAL BIMONTHLY)

Moscow, November 21. — My mother and sister are in exile. The 'Father,' of course, did nothing for them. I hear of his growing influence at the Court. At the same time public indignation is growing. His name is pronounced with hatred. How strange that a man in a flowing silk shirt, surrounded by a constellation of dancing and singing ladies, governs the State. I have received several telegrams from him, but their sense is always dark. Doubtless his followers would detect marvelous revelations in these telegrams, but I comprehend nothing. One of them contained such utter nonsense that I asked the telegraph office to repeat it. They did, but it remained as dark as before.

My friend Lola is in despair. One of these days her complicated litigation with her husband's brother will be heard in court. She risks losing her whole fortune. Her lawyer tells her that no one can help her but Rasputin, and she begs me to go to Petrograd with her and introduce her to him. I said I could not ask him for anything, because his conditions are unacceptable to me. She retorted that I have only to introduce her and she will do the rest. She is a fetching blonde with blue eyes. She may succeed in fooling him long enough to win her suit, something which I never understood how to do. She has importuned me until it is decided that we go to-morrow.

November 26. — In the morning he telephoned and asked us to come. In the dining-room, where only the élite are admitted, were several women. The great hall outside was full of

petitioners: men and women students asking for scholarships, priests, society women, some nondescript old grandmothers, officers of the most aristocratic Guard regiments, monks. He received them in his study one by one, but from time to time he stepped out into the dining-room where we were, to kiss one, to stroke another's hair, to give a third one a chance to kiss his hand. He would then step to the telephone and have a little talk with someone — and again disappear in the study.

The ladies sighed, and shook their heads. 'How the Father works, how much strength he gives to the people! Everybody comes to him. He warms up everyone, is a light to everyone — just like the sun in heaven. They are wearing him out — they never give him a moment's rest!'

The Empress's maid of honor, B., who was familiarly called 'Annushka' in Rasputin's household, came in and began to help Rasputin receive the petitioners. . . .

More ladies filled the dining-room. The telephone rang incessantly, and Rasputin's niece answered it. The doorbell rang every minute, and cake, flowers, presents were constantly arriving. All this noise and bustle gave me a headache, and I told Lola I could remain no longer.

In the evening Rasputin called on us at our hotel. It is plain as day now that my friend Lola attracts him like a magnet. He cancelled his previous consent to assist at some formal supper in order to come to us.

November 28. — We were at his house this evening. He gave orders to receive

no one else. When we went up the stairs I noticed two secret agents, and asked him why these persons always accompanied him.

'Of course!' he said. 'Have I few enemies? I am like a white spot in everybody's eyes. They'd be glad to do away with me — but they're not sharp enough for that!'

'They love thee and take care of thee well at Tsarskoe, do they?'

'Of course they do, both she and he. He loves me best. How could he otherwise? If I'm not there, Russia won't be there, either.'

I was secretly indignant at his presumption.

'You think I'm presumptuous, do you, my dear ones?' he said. 'No. I know well what I'm talking about. As I say, even thus it will be.'

He was called to the telephone — a call from Tsarskoe Selo.

'What?' he said. 'Aliosha does not go to sleep?' (Alexei, the Heir Apparent.) 'Get him to the telephone.' And he made us a sign to keep still. Then the conversation continued. 'What, Alioshenka, art thou keeping late hours? Aches? What aches? Nothing at all aches. Go to bed now, right away. Thy ear does not ache. It does not ache, I tell thee. Sleep, sleep right away. Sleep, I tell thee. Dost thou hear me? Sleep.'

In another fifteen minutes Tsarskoe Selo called again. Rasputin was informed that Aliosha's ear had stopped aching at once and he had gone to sleep.

'How could he go to sleep when his ear ached?'

'But did n't I tell him it did not ache?' He spoke with quiet self-assurance, obviously assuming that it could not be otherwise than he had said.

*December 7.* — I have hardly leisure to put everything down in my diary.

Time is flying, and we are still here — I don't know why. Some hurricane is sweeping us round and round. He calls us up every morning and asks us to come, and we see the same turmoil in his house every day. Telephone talks with Tsarskoe — and, alternatively, talks with Lola, whom he incessantly asks to grant him an interview tête-à-tête. Every day adds to his infatuation, and he becomes more insistent. He comes to see us every evening, talks about love, beginning always with love in general, love as a joy, love as a heavenly blessing.

'Don't dry up thy heart without love. Without the light of love thy soul will darken, and the sun will not rejoice thee any longer, and God will turn His face away from thee. Love is a holy blessing, thou must rejoice over it, and always seek a new one; it's from the Lord always, and thou must not go against his commands. If I want thee — it's from God, and thou sinnest in refusing me. Love me, and my strength will be greater, and thy business will prosper.'

She begs me not to leave her alone for a moment. I am tired and want to leave, and I do not know why I continue to stay. It is as if my will were paralyzed — but strangely we both refuse to believe in his 'holiness,' and regard him critically. But in his presence we both experience a keen interest in all that happens around him — it is all so unusual and so fascinating. This morning Mrs. V., one of his followers, called on us and began to reprove us for 'torturing' the Father.

'We are all indignant at seeing him suffer. Why . . . Is it possible to refuse such a saint?'

'Does a saint need sinful love?'

'He makes everything holy. Whatever he does is holy,' the woman answered without a moment's hesitation.



There followed some questions on our part, and a confession on her part.

'But your husband?'

'He knows, and he considers it a great blessing. Now we see how he suffers because of you, and we all decided that I should come and ask you in the name of all of us not to torture the holy elder any longer, and not to decline his blessing. . . .'

We had got used to a great many things; but this time we were up in arms, and I answered Mrs. V. in quite plain language.

*December 10.* — We did not go to 'a dinner with Ministers,' where he insisted on taking us, and were glad to spend one evening quietly at our hotel. About one o'clock A.M. we heard a knock at the door and Rasputin's voice demanding that the door be opened. We did not answer. The knocking got worse — it seemed that the door would give way.

'Open quick, dearies, we're waiting. I've brought a Minister!'

After a while the knocking stopped and we heard them walking away. In the morning we learned that an army officer, whose room was across the hall from ours, had saved us. Upon hearing the disturbance, he opened his door and recognized Rasputin and the Minister. He began to stare at them obstinately; the Minister felt embarrassed and persuaded Rasputin to leave.

*December 18.* — This morning Kilina asked me over the telephone whether the Father had stayed overnight with Lola and myself. When I indignantly demanded how she dared ask me such a question, she was surprised and said:

'If that had been so, it would have been your good fortune. He left last night, and said he was going to you, and never came back. We thought,

Well, now the Moscow lady has consented to receive his blessing . . .'

In another hour she telephoned again and informed me that the Father had returned; he had spent the night in restaurants with a gypsy band, and now wanted us to come to him immediately. . . .

His anteroom was full of people; in the dining-room women stood in little groups and nervously whispered to each other, looking very much scared. A few men were present. From the next room was heard the crash of breaking dishes. Presently Rasputin entered, carrying a bottle of wine. He was very pale, his hair stuck to his forehead, which was furrowed crosswise with deep wrinkles. His eyes glowed dimly, so that one feared to look at them. He walked toward Mrs. V. — the one who had called on us to tell us that we should not torment the Father — and filled her glass with wine, as well as that of her husband, who was also present.

'Have mercy on me, Father,' she said. 'Thou knowest I am to sing in a concert to-night and should not drink. Thou hast promised me to call up the Ministers and tell them to be at my concert!'

'And thou, drink,' he answered her.

He then called up Minister B. and told him:

'To-day is the concert of my nice lady; she will presently come to thee with a ticket. Now don't refuse. Be sure to be present.'

After which he talked in the same tone with B. and Kh. . . .

Then he said to a young Polish girl: 'Thou art pretty, but I don't like thee. I like my Moscow women — they have burned out my heart. I drank all night, wanted to forget them — but I cannot.'

He took a few steps in Lola's direction, but turned abruptly and went to

another room, where he began again to break dishes in terrible fury. Dunia, his relative, followed in his footsteps with a scared look, although she usually treated him very roughly and resolutely. But he was terrible now. His eyes, his face had something wild in them. It looked as if every minute an explosion might follow that would sweep all from its path.

It was worth while to observe the faces of the people around. All were hushed or whispered below their breath. Munia looked petrified, following her idol with a kind of devout tremor in her countenance. They seemed to see not a drunken peasant before them but an angered deity, and they trembled as they might tremble before the Lord of Sabaoth. . . . The faces of some of the women expressed an ecstasy.

There was a telephone call — Tsarskoe Selo wanted him to come immediately. Women sprang after him. One of them suggested to him to go to the bathhouse, to get over his 'tipsiness.'

'You know my horses,' she was saying to him, 'they'll fly like birds. . . .'

Finally he consented. They brought him a new embroidered shirt of white silk, a broadcloth coat lined with silk-and-gold fabric, and new boots. He began to change right there, before everybody. The ladies helped him, held his boots for him, put his fur coat on him. Mrs. G. and Munia on either side led him out. He clicked his tongue merrily now, and sang: —

'Going, going, going to her,  
Going to my dearest one.'

Moscow, May 26, 1916. — Quite unexpectedly, I have again spent two days in Rasputin's company. He came here and we all had lunch at Mrs. Reshetnikov's. . . . For some reason he looked frequently at Mr. E., who was there with his wife. Years ago he and I were engaged to marry, but later broke

it off, and no one knew of the affair. He was happily married, and so was I. After dinner Rasputin suddenly said to me:

'You and Mr. E. loved each other very much, but nothing came of it. It's better like this, you would n't suit each other. This wife of his is a good match for him.'

I was startled by his perspicacity. No outward signs could tell him anything, as we had really quite forgotten the matter ourselves. . . .

After dinner it was decided that we should go in a body to a restaurant out of town and hear the gypsies. . . . It is amazing how much Rasputin can drink. An amount of alcohol that would long ago have put any other man out of commission only makes his eyes glow; his face grows pale, and his wrinkles get deeper. The carousal continued all night, from restaurant to restaurant. I ought to leave and go home. . . . But let come what may, I thought again. The gypsies sang his favorite song, and he sang with them.

'Going, going, going to her . . .' he sang, and so much glowing passion and reckless impetus was in his voice. Some mighty, elemental force is reposing in this man. . . . Our party grew larger as we went on. People called up by telephone and asked permission to join us. Some Englishwomen, recently arrived in Moscow with a British military commission, begged permission to stay with the party and to see Rasputin. Upon leaving the restaurant we wanted to pay the bill, but the waiter, bowing deeply, said that the mayor's office had already paid it. We went to *Strelna*. Rasputin gathered speed. The band played 'The Russian,' and he danced with wild passion. His black hair and beard and the tassels of his red silk belt flew in the air; his feet in the wonderful soft boots sprang about the room with an agility that the alcohol seemed to

increase tenfold. Gypsy girls danced with him. From time to time he emitted wild calls — I never saw any carousal like this. . . .

A couple of army officers joined our party. No one paid any attention to them until two detectives specially detailed by the mayor's office began to inquire who of us knew them and who had invited them. It came out that no one knew them. The detectives asked the two men to leave, a dispute started, and suddenly there was a shot. I did not see who fired, but an indescribable commotion followed — police whistles, shouts, hysterics. Somebody pushed us out of the door. A moment later an unknown person made me step into a motor car, and made Rasputin sit next to me. He objected, and wanted to stay, but in the twinkling of an eye we were speeding up the road. Rasputin recovered instantly from the sudden shock, but was gloomily silent. 'My enemies don't like me,' was the only thing he said. We all went to the house of our friends, the E.'s, where we learned that the two officers had been arrested, and that they declared that they did not intend to kill Rasputin, but only to beat him up. I recalled later that one of them asked during the party:

'What do they all find in this man? It is a glaring disgrace! A drunken muzhik dances, and everybody looks at

him. Why do all the women lose their heads about him?'

The next day I saw Rasputin for the last time. We were leaving from Mrs. K.'s and he insisted upon riding in my cab, telling his adjutant to ride in another.

'I have been unkind to thee in Piter,' he said. 'Forgive me, I spoke evil to thee. I'm a plain muzhik — what's in my heart is on my tongue. Let the Lord punish me if I say to thee another unkind word. Ask me whatever thou wantest, I can do anything.' But I disliked to renew the subject of my petition, for I knew it would merely start another fruitless chase.

'Maybe thou wantest money? Want a million? Soon I'll put over a big deal, will get a huge lot of money. . . .' We were soon at the house of our friends, and from there he left for the station.

As to Lola, he did not want to see her. She never secured from him the help she sought in her litigation, because he told her bluntly: 'I will not tolerate thy artifices any longer,' and, 'Nothing will help thee any longer if you put off our little tête-à-tête.' When, at our last meeting, I suggested that he see her, he said:

'No, I'm very bitter against her. She's too cunning — I don't like such ones. I don't want to hear about her.'

## PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTE RODIN

BY ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI

[M. Ludovici was for some time private secretary to the famous sculptor whose life he describes. The present article is an extract from a series now running in the Cornhill.]

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HAVING much to learn and to observe during my first few weeks at Meudon, I was naturally very silent. But I soon found that Rodin was not in the least averse to bearing the whole burden of the conversation at table himself; and it struck me that he was a most brilliant and forcible talker. His speech was both laconic and pithy, and the effective manner in which he illuminated and disposed of every question he discussed riveted attention. Keeping his eyes averted from his listener, he would utter his short telling sentences with characteristic though quiet emphasis, and then, as he drew near to the conclusion of his remarks, he would cast one rapid glance at you, and with his face wreathed in smiles invite you to join him in the pleasure he felt over the particular view he had expressed.

I soon realized that he was as original and vigorous a thinker as he was a sculptor, and was not in the least surprised when later on I discovered that he would fain have been an author. He was also possessed of a quiet sardonic humor, and would laugh heartily at his own diatribes against his contemporaries. Unmerciful in his judgment of his age, his particular bugbear was the Institut, whose members, especially when they were Academicians, came in for a good deal of his hostile criticism. 'They hold the keys of the Heaven of Arts,' he would often exclaim, 'and close the door to all original

talent! But,' he would add with a withering scowl, 'they themselves can never enter the Heaven of which they hold the keys.'

He was also very fond of referring to the days when he was a poor struggling student in one of the small studios in the Rue des Fourneaux; for, although he occasionally had to suffer from hunger there, he was at least free from that incessant persecution which, in modern Europe, is the penalty of all recognized genius and all fame. 'As a youth,' he used to say, 'I was a martyr to dyspepsia, and no treatment seemed to afford me the smallest relief. But I had not yet tasted of the uses of adversity. At the Rue des Fourneaux I suffered *une belle misère*; I often went for whole days without food, and lo, my dyspepsia was cured!'

I had a mass of correspondence to deal with at the Villa des Brillants, and wrote an average of thirty letters a day to keep abreast with it. I remember on one occasion a letter arrived which was so badly written that neither Rodin nor I could decipher it. We turned it all ways, and could not even make out the signature. At last, after wasting a good deal of precious time, I was obliged to give it up, and laying the letter down on the table announced my intention of waiting for a further communication from the writer, which I could only hope would prove more legible.

'Not at all,' said Rodin quietly, picking the letter up again, and smiling in his grimmest and most mischievous manner. 'You will send it to a translation bureau, and ask them to translate it into English, and then when you get the translation you can read it back in French to me.' We both laughed heartily at this ingenious suggestion, and it was carried out forthwith most successfully.

I was amazed at Rodin's orderliness and love of red tape. Having lived among artists all my life, I had grown to associate with the artistic temperament a certain carelessness and impatient hurry where the more tiresome details of everyday life were concerned, and I was therefore all the more surprised when I found in my chief a veritable *monstre paperassier*. Two whole rooms in the Villa des Brillants were given up to this passion for the accumulation and preservation of the letters, invoices, vouchers, estimates, and receipts of a lifetime, and these papers, stored in little white deal boxes, specially made for the purpose by a local carpenter, and arranged according to genus, species, date, and their order in the alphabet, represented an imposing documentary record of all Rodin's relations with the outside world.

It was curious to find this hereditary trait of the old bureaucrat in one who in every other respect must have been as unlike his father as possible, and I have often wondered what the French State did with these little white boxes stuffed with papers, when they took over the Musée Rodin.

Needless to say that the daily basketful of correspondence always included a fair proportion of begging letters, and it was my business to weed these out from the rest and to give Rodin a summary of their contents, together with the names of the writers. I soon

understood, however, that the great master was not in the least inclined to pass over this part of the day's routine too perfunctorily. On the contrary, about all such correspondents residing in or around Paris he required the most exhaustive particulars, and always seemed very much annoyed when he found he could not reasonably acquiesce in their demands.

As I knew him to be generous to a fault with his poorer friends, I was at first tempted to ascribe this concern to the fact that it was painful to him to thwart his natural impulses of charity and good nature. I was, however, to some extent in error here; for ultimately I found out that he lived in constant fear of one day becoming the victim either of an avowed enemy or of one of these people whose demands he could not satisfy, and it was not long before I was given a rather amusing proof of this.

One day a mysterious tin box came to Rodin from the Near East. It was handed to him while he was at lunch, and we all speculated upon what it might contain. One thought it was caviar, the other pâté de foie gras, and Rodin himself thought it might be merely a practical joke. On finding that he could not open it, he called for a pointed instrument, and Joseph, the studio-boy, went hurtling off to the studio in search of a chisel. Then, suddenly, a look of extraordinary guile and alarm entered Rodin's face, and turning to me he said: 'What if it were an infernal machine, designed to explode at the first heavy blow!' I laughed the suggestion to scorn, but Madame Rodin and the housekeeper, who had been listening intently all the while, looked anything but amused, and in a moment both of them were imploring Rodin to leave the tin box alone.

Now, in addition to Rodin's con-



stant fear of violence from the quarter of his enemies, or at the hands of a disappointed amateur in the art of pecuniary extortion (and it must be remembered that the famous affairs of the *Âge d'Airain* and the *Grand Pen-seur* lent some color to these fears), he had a childlike faith in the divinatory power of the female mind. 'One never knows,' he would often say; 'women frequently have the most unaccountable warnings of coming events. Call it what you will—second sight or telepathy; but I for one am disinclined to regard the phenomenon as one of coincidence alone.'

Thus it was quite plain that on this occasion the voice of his womenfolk, supporting as it did his own profound suspicions, supplied him with a very strong argument for refusing to tamper with the mysterious package; and by the time Joseph arrived with a screw-driver, the master's mind was made up. Joseph was therefore instructed to carry the tin to the farthest corner of the garden, and there to bury it forthwith; and amid much laughter, the greater part of which was merely the expression of relieved alarm, we resumed our meal.

A few days afterward there arrived a friendly letter from Greece, which had been unaccountably delayed in transit, and the writer of it announced to Rodin that he had dispatched a tin of the famous Hymettus honey to him, which, in view of the master's pronounced love of the ancient Greeks and everything connected with them, it was hoped that he would eat with particular relish. It is hardly necessary to add that the honey was not in the least impaired by its temporary inhumation.

Owing to the fact that all the examples of Rodin's principal works were collected at Meudon, we used to receive a stream of visitors there,

many of whom, after having visited the huge studio, would stay to lunch. I, of course, always knew who was expected, and so did Madame Rodin, and I was frequently moved by the extreme agitation shown by the poor little woman when she used to come and discuss the arrangements with me. She hated these functions as much as I loved them, and as she could not sympathize with my curiosity and interest about the guests, particularly when they were celebrities, she could only bewail the fact that these people insisted upon disturbing her in her peaceful rural retreat.

She also had strange notions about dress on these occasions, and was always utterly at a loss about the correct thing to wear when a particularly famous celebrity was invited. I remember on one occasion when M. Leygues, the Colonial Minister, was coming, she thought it necessary, in view of the eminence of the visitor, to make a specially noble effort in her apparel; and to Rodin's horror he espied her just before lunch, through the open door of the studio, crossing the garden in a brilliant confection of crimson silk or satin. I was immediately summoned to the studio by the master, and, leading me aside, in a few hurried sentences he ordered me to prevail upon Madame Rodin to change her dress instantly, and to adopt a quieter garment, no matter how long her change of toilette might delay the meal.

It was a delicate mission to fulfill; but feeling that it was in the interest of everybody to make it a success, I went in search of Madame Rodin, determined not to shrink from the difficult path of duty. I found her finishing the floral decoration of the table, and summoning all my firmness and tact I told her that M. Rodin had requested me to speak a few words to her. Seeing that she was, as I have already

pointed out, fanatically devoted to the master, my task was really not so hard as it might seem; and after assuring her that M. Rodin thought that M. Leygues was hardly worthy of the exceptional efforts she had made, and that there would certainly be many occasions in the future when a guest of even greater distinction would require to be adequately honored, I informed her that M. Rodin thought it would be wise to reserve her present toilette for such an opportunity, and that for M. Leygues a quieter dress would be all that was wanted.

I added that M. Rodin did not mind if the lunch were a little late, provided she carried out his suggestion. To my great joy she did not attempt to argue the point; and, beyond looking a little puzzled by the fact that M. Rodin had not seen eye to eye with her in this particular matter, went off instantly to effect the desired change in her attire.

Now it was at these luncheons that Rodin used always to be at his best, and seeing that almost every celebrity in the world attended them, from the President of the Argentine Republic to the editor of the comic French journal, *Le Rire*, these functions constituted the most enthralling feature of my life at the great sculptor's house. The conversation was of the most varied character, for Rodin could talk well and interestingly on almost any subject; but it was naturally on art or literature that he spoke with the greatest understanding, and all his more intelligent visitors invariably directed the conversation along these lines.

I remember, on one occasion, while discussing English literature, Rodin happened to compare the merits of Richardson with those of Fielding, and I was very much surprised to find that, like Dr. Samuel Johnson, he preferred the former. 'Yes,' he said, '*Tom Jones*

wearies me; for irony in the long run is tedious. Fielding is ruthless with humanity — *il est méchant*. How much more enjoyable is the ingenuous feeling and tender humanity of *Pamela*!' Those who remember Boswell will realize how very much this resembles Johnson's own view. 'Sir,' said the Doctor, addressing the young Scots officer, Erskine, 'there is more knowledge of the heart in one letter of Richardson than in all *Tom Jones*.'

This, however, should be observed in mitigation of the above severe judgment against Fielding, that Rodin had read *Pamela*, translated by a master *littérateur* — the Abbé Prevost — whereas he had read *Tom Jones*, if not in an inferior translation, at least in a version that could not aspire to the literary beauty attained by the author of *Manon Lescaut*.

At all events, Rodin never pronounced a criticism of this kind in a spirit of arrogance or captiousness. He was in many respects a modest man, and it was only in regard to his own particular branch of art that he allowed himself to speak, as it were, with authority and defiance. Indeed, so modest was his habit of mind that he delighted in expatiating on his own shortcomings, and would often entertain his listeners with stories about his lack of after-dinner eloquence, his absent-mindedness, and his indifference to dress.

His nature was a peculiar mixture of apparently irreconcilable extremes. On the one hand, he had strong monarchical sympathies, which made him wax quite rabid about the regicides of January 1793, and caused him to predict all kinds of ills for France as the inevitable penalty for the crimes she then committed; and, on the other, he revealed the most tender concern for the welfare and character of the common folk. In this respect he was

rather like our own William Cobbett; for, while the artist in him led him to cling with conservative ardor to tradition and to all the institutions which would make beauty and patriarchal order prevail against the ever-encroaching ugliness and anarchy of modern industrialism, he would often speak about the lot of the common workman very much as we are accustomed to hear our own Socialists and Labor leaders speak to-day. For instance, in regard to modern democratic assemblies, he was as ruthless in his criticism as the most hidebound Tory.

Listen to him on his return from a visit to one of the larger French transatlantic liners, which had just been built at about the time I joined him at Meudon: 'Everything was wonderful; but I confess I was appalled by the almost total lack of consideration for the baser human elements in the great machine. Take the stokeholes, for instance! If the engineers who designed that ship had built the furnaces with the view of having them fed by princes and dukes, or even by wealthy commoners, we should have seen these infernos fitted with every modern appliance for securing the comfort of the men. We should have seen special cooling apparatus, electric fans, and ingenious devices for keeping continuous and effective ventilation there; while in the compartment adjoining the stokehole we should not have been surprised to find a canteen dispensing cooling drinks and ices at all moments of the day. But,' he exclaimed, smiling sadly, 'of course there was not a trace of anything of the sort! We did not need to ask who the poor devils were who were expected to do this work.'

Although I was quartered at some distance from the Villa des Brillants, in a little three-roomed cottage all to myself, standing within Rodin's prop-

erty, I shared Rodin's home life exactly like one of the family, and had every opportunity of becoming acquainted with his daily routine and habits of thought. Called at seven o'clock every morning, I was expected to have finished my breakfast and be ready at his side at eight precisely. Rodin was an early riser, and very often in the summer he would be out in the garden, clad in his old *houppelande*, soon after six o'clock. His breakfast usually consisted either of hot bread and milk or else a bowl of sour milk; indeed, it was at Meudon that I first heard of Metchnikoff's theories concerning this preparation, and Rodin, who was convinced of its value as a food, strongly urged me to take it, which I frequently did.

After breakfast — that is to say, a little before eight o'clock — a hairdresser would arrive from Val Fleury to trim Rodin's hair and beard for the day; and, taking his place beside me at a plain deal table, in a room adjoining the dining-room, Rodin would open and read his letters, while the hairdresser set to work. After the trimming was done, the hairdresser would wash the master's head with a peculiarly pungent and not very pleasant hair-wash, and finally, with brush and comb, make him ready for the reception of guests or other business. Rodin never liked to spend more time over his correspondence than it took the barber to complete his hairdressing; consequently our first business interview of the day usually terminated with the little barber's '*Voilà, monsieur, c'est fini.*'

The morning was usually spent by Rodin in his huge studio, built of iron and stucco, adjoining the Villa des Brillants, and it was there that he used to receive his guests. I was only called to him when either English or German visitors came, who required the assistance of an interpreter; but if his

visitors happened to be unexpected callers — ladies of either English or American nationality — it was also my duty, after interviewing them and before ushering them into the studio, to call the studio-boy, Joseph, and proceed with him to a discreet concealment of certain pieces among the exhibits, by means of large dust-sheets that were always lying about in readiness for such an emergency.

At twelve midday, lunch was served. It was a very simple and wholesome meal, for Rodin delighted in homely dishes, and like most artists was a very temperate man. Beginning with *hors-d'œuvre*, we usually had some kind of joint, either roasted or braised, then a preparation of eggs or vegetables, or both, followed by cheese, fruit, and the usual coffee. The liquor drunk at table consisted of good light claret or white wine, and Rodin's favorite liqueur was Cointreau. He smoked very little, usually half of a 'Boc' cigar, which he seemed hardly to enjoy, and then he went off by train to his studio in Paris, which, at the time I was with him, was in the Rue de l'Université. There he had either a sitter or else a visitor awaiting him, and as a rule he did not return to Meudon until half-past five or six o'clock in the evening.

Now this was the most critical hour of the day for me, for it was at this time that he signed the letters and attended to all such questions as the payment of workmen and models, outstanding accounts, and the moneys received from clients. In all these matters he revealed an almost fretful meticulousness, which at first surprised and sometimes offended me; but I discovered that he had so often been cheated or otherwise taken advantage of by one of my predecessors that he had learned to be most scrupulously careful.

The first inkling I had of this was on the occasion of the dismissal of a certain workman, a plasterer, who had been in his employ before I came upon the scene. One morning Rodin informed me that he had dismissed him, and that he would be leaving on the evening of that day. Toward six o'clock, therefore, I called the man to pay him, out of petty cash, the money still owing to him; but he informed me that Rodin in a passion had given him his wages that morning. Now when at the end of the week, in settling my accounts with him, Rodin discovered not only that my petty-cash account showed an unusually large balance, but also that I made no mention of any payment to the dismissed plasterer, he asked me for an explanation. I then told him that the workman had informed me that he had received his money from M. Rodin himself, and that this accounted for my having more than the usual amount in hand.

Thereupon, to my amazement — for I had no reason to suspect that my behavior was anything else than what he had been accustomed to — Rodin, with a radiant smile, thanked me most heartily for having reminded him of the fact that he had paid the man himself, and even used the expression, '*C'est vraiment bien aimable à vous de me le dire*' — meaning obviously, I presumed, that he would not have wondered much if I had not done so and had recorded the payment as having been made by myself. Naturally I protested against the implication of his apparently fulsome expression of gratitude over a proceeding so normal; and then it was that he first gave me to understand the kind of treatment that he had suffered in the past.

His day's work over, in the cool of the evening Rodin used generally to wander off with his favorite dog, Cap, to some quiet corner of the garden,

for rest and meditation; and at this hour he liked no one to disturb him. Usually taking up a position on one of the highest points in his large garden, he would sit there, looking across the valley of the Seine to Sèvres in the distance, and while quietly contemplating the beautiful landscape before him would await the dusk.

He was much given to meditation and to the silent and prolonged contemplation of nature or a beautiful work of art, and in the early days, before I was acquainted with his ways, I used constantly to fall foul of him, precisely in regard to this habit. Suffering from an excess of zeal, and holding also the foolish belief that good form, or at least decent manners, required that I should, when alone with Rodin, endeavor to divert his mind with some light extempore remarks suggested either by the world about us or by a passing thought, I used at first to make such efforts in small talk or light conversation as the usages of polite society in England make almost *de rigueur*. I might have spared myself the pains!

Nor shall I ever forget the first check I received, while engaged in this well-intentioned but ridiculous practice. We were traveling together from Meudon to Paris on the elevated electric line, the terminus of which is Les Invalides Station on the Quai d'Orsay. I had been with Rodin about a week, and I was still too full of zeal and overanxious to do the right thing to be altogether self-possessed.

Now I noticed that during the first part of the journey the Eiffel Tower

was on our left, while during the latter part it appeared on our right — a circumstance which, though easily explained as the natural consequence of the winding of the railway line, struck me as being sufficiently singular to supply the occasion for a remark. The irresponsible behavior of the Eiffel Tower on this journey, moreover, happening to coincide with what I believed to be an acute lull in the conversation, I abandoned all caution, and proceeded to comment on the obvious fact.

It was foolish of me. I realized that the moment I had uttered the words. But, having uttered them, I felt it in some way a point of honor to stand by them, and to vindicate my parental pride in them by forcing attention to them.

Rodin took not the slightest notice. I flushed a little. The very imbecility of my child made me resent this insult to it. I repeated the remark in a somewhat modified form. Rodin turned away his big head, and again made no sign of having heard.

I made no third attempt, but feeling thoroughly abashed, and knowing full well that my punishment had been a just one, reformed my ways from that hour. Many such useful lessons did I learn during my period of close association with this great artist; nor did it ever occur to me to doubt that his taste in such matters was a thousand times more reliable than the usages of the modern world, with all its imposing authority of tradition and so-called good form.



# DARWINISM AND THE WAR

BY JOHANNES V. JENSEN

[The author of the following article, whose *Long Journey* has recently appeared in English, was introduced to the readers of the *Living Age* in our issue of December 23, 1922. He has recently begun the publication at Copenhagen of his own periodical, the *Forum*, from which the article here translated in an abbreviated form is taken.]

From the *Forum*, April  
(DANISH LIBERAL MONTHLY)

IN 1859 appeared *The Origin of Species*, a turning-point in mankind's examination of self. Before that time Christianity; after that year biology.

Speaking for myself, born fourteen years later, I recall how I first learned of Darwin. An article appeared in a church publication remonstrating violently against the theory that we were descended from monkeys; ridiculing the idea effectively enough, perhaps. It converted me into a Darwinist instant — a striking example of how ridicule may defeat its own end.

Since that time Darwinism has been to me a beacon-light, by the rays of which I have tried to follow the workings of man and nature in all their changing forms. My present purpose is not to write a prompt-book on evolution or the history of the nineteenth century, but simply to explain what I understand by Darwinism and how I regard some popular conceptions of the theory.

Three outstanding factors characterized the nineteenth century: technical development, the labor movement, and the new ethical concept — that is, Darwin. But a devil immediately got busy and tangled these three lines of so-called progress. Everywhere the real purpose was lost sight of. Unbridled license took the place of liberation. The real doctrine of evo-

lution was sidetracked to let something else pass. Darwinism became a political victim, so to speak. The mechanical age shot wide of its mark.

The superficial application of the doctrine of evolution in the various European countries left nothing of Darwin, but merely resolved itself into a roaring street-band playing discords from a score falsely ascribed to him. Darwinism was employed effectively against crown and church, but those who led the attack seated themselves in high places without themselves passing through the evolution that they vaunted; and there they still sit. Back to the baboon — was their concept of progress, their idea of advancement, their concept of Darwinism. The public consciousness became permeated with shibboleths gathered from the easiest conceived of Darwin's doctrines. This misshapen offspring of evolution has been one of the contributory causes of the great world-misery from the effects of which we are still suffering.

Germany's misfortune presents the most striking example of this perverted evolutionary doctrine, together with its accompanying Nemesis. Might before right — that was Germany's Imperialistic programme before the war. It was dragged bodily from theoretical Darwinism, and was meant

to give nature's blessing to the language of might, the particular German Darwinism hatched in the brains of Prussian professors and officers. And it was this doctrine which became the most fatal weapon directed against Germany herself — untenable as it was, a false interpretation of existence as mere warfare and brutal survival of the strongest — a barbarous misapplication of what evolution calls the survival of the fittest.

Little wonder, then, that punishment came from Darwin's native land; England avenged the misuse of his name. Seldom has an agitation been systematized more shrewdly and relentlessly than that which England, finding her echo in America, set in motion against the German Nietzsche-Treitschke dogma. The entire world was arrayed against Germany through that agitation. Never has there been another instance so portentous, where the moral has issued from the immoral. To be sure, there was hypocrisy on both sides, but morality was the weapon that eventually won. For what did we see? Not even the old Anglo-Saxon fighting precept, that the many must not fight one, was here respected. For Germany was an exception: a mad dog! hence everybody used the bludgeon!

In the heat of the battle, nobody stopped to think it was one's own race that was struck down; a vigorous Western nation, irritating because of its enterprise and leadership, at once defiant and intolerable. Nor did it cause the slightest concern at the moment that, when German order was made an outlaw among nations, the barrier against the East was simultaneously swept away.

Let us not blame the war itself for this. We see a peculiar concept of existence, something false and dangerous in a nation's heart, and the indig-

nation it evokes in others directly prostrates the prosperity of the world. As for Germany herself, she fell a victim to misconceived Darwinism.

It is sad indeed to point to so diseased a spot in the organism of any country, but well-nigh dreadful when the damage can be traced to a single individual.

Darwinism in German was Nietzsche; at any rate in the domain where journalism and sensationalism held sway. The honest and untiring work of German men of science like Haeckel and his associates, who tried to carry forward Darwin's true idea, was termed pedantry. Theirs was neither an intoxicant nor an infection that could grip soul and body like that which the fairy-tale philosopher Nietzsche irresponsibly concocted from his idea of Darwin. For Germany, the century's most human theory became lost in the dogma of the superman.

Is it really possible for a single thinker to cause a universal catastrophe? Seen intimately, Nietzsche presents nothing more or less than an ordinary case of illness, a sick, disappointed German professor who wins attention by his abnormality, while he reveals the sensations and inner battles of his struggle to rehabilitate himself as a mere man. From his great depth this unfortunate creature gazed aloft at normal man, whom his heated imagination, fed by the technique of philosophy and the concepts of a rudimentary Darwinism, conceived to be a superman.

Is it not true? Dissatisfied with his Germanism, Nietzsche with all his labor did not get further than just to stand on tiptoe and conjure up the outlines of an Englishman. That was all there was to his 'blonde beast.'

Outside that he belongs to the doctors. High art ennobles a man, even if he ends in Bedlam. But even

as an artist Nietzsche does not signify much. His main work is a monstrous pasticcio, a book à la Mormon, with a bombastic borrowing from the Persian formula — *Also sprach Zarathustra*. Most of his other prose is 'headache.' Except for a couple of really genuine poems, he is already unreadable.

It was not Nietzsche's personal importance, but the fact that his poor Darwinism became a popular commonplace, that gave to his pronouncements such pernicious power. Germany mag-

nified his ideas to her ruin, while this challenge to the rest of the world inspired her enemies to redoubled efforts. Naturally, these enemies exaggerated Nietzsche's irresponsible utterances. While the war was on, Nietzsche's fame reminded one of those poor horses killed in a bullfight, on which the bull continues to vent his wrath. The dead animal seems still to struggle piteously, with its legs in the air, as if it still had life — Zarathustra's resurrection!

## SIXTY YEARS OF EUROPE

BY SIR JOHN LE SAGE

From the *Daily Telegraph*, June 30, July 2  
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE DAILY

LOOKING back over a period of sixty years of newspaper life, I cannot see that there has been very much difference in the men, their ability and their qualifications; whereas there has been an extraordinary and marvelous change in the mechanism of newspaper-production.

As the electric telegraph developed newspapers soon learned to make full use of it, and a very marked change was noticeable in the method by which news was brought into the office. The *Daily Telegraph* placed no limit to its expenditure on telegraphing, in connection with either home or foreign news. When I went abroad for the paper the proprietors gave me a blank check, so that I need not study expense in getting my news.

Our paper was ahead of all the rest with the news of the entry of the Germans into Paris. There was ex-

traordinary excitement about it, for threats had been made that the Germans would be fired on. The question was, what would happen? The old Emperor held a review at Longchamps before the troops marched up the Avenue de la Grand Armée, through the Arc de Triomphe, and down the Champs-Élysées. They were to halt at the Place de la Concorde, and not go beyond. We had been getting messages to England by sending a balloon to Calais and telegraphing from there. But there was no balloon till about twelve at night, and the train left at twelve and took twelve hours to get through. Some sort of special arrangement, therefore, had to be made.

I learned that the *Times* had arranged for a special train from Paris to Calais, which was to leave at three o'clock and run through to Calais, where a special boat was waiting. The

manager of the Northern Railway assured me that it was impossible to run a duplicate train, and of course if I left by train at four or five o'clock in the afternoon my dispatch was going to be too late. I found, however, that I could telegraph directly from Lille to London, and I procured a special train from Paris to Lille at four o'clock, which would give me an extra hour to ascertain whether the Germans were going to be interfered with or not. It was arranged that a special edition would be published at midnight on receipt of my message.

I witnessed the arrival and the march of the Germans; in fact, I marched with them from the Avenue de la Grande Armée down to the Place de la Concorde.

They were not interfered with, and I set off immediately after and got through to the Northern Station, where I was joined by Kingston, who had witnessed the review at Longchamps and who gave me his notes. During the journey from Paris to Lille I wrote the account of the day. I had previously stationed a courier in Lille, with instructions to be in waiting, with a telegraph clerk, ready to transmit what I handed in. On my arrival I found no courier, and the clerk was having his supper, or smoking a cigarette. However, a little pressure brought him to attention. That was how the first news reached London of the entry of the Germans into Paris.

Among my missions was one to Russia in 1874 for the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh to the Grand Duchess Marie. I had a curious little adventure in St. Petersburg. There were two services, one English and the other Greek, the latter being for members of the Imperial family only. At the Winter Palace I found a Chamberlain appointed to receive me, and he placed me in one of the large halls

through which the bridal procession passed on its way to the Greek ceremony.

Then, as we left the corridor, the Chamberlain disappeared, his mission accomplished, and I was left alone. I wandered about at random, and after going down another long corridor opened a door and found myself in the private gallery of the Greek church, where the members of the Imperial family were assembled for the ceremony.

So I was able to watch the second service, which, but for my unsuspected presence, was believed to be completely private. Then I started my work, finishing about nine o'clock at night, and the only refreshment I had during the day was one small glass of wine.

Many will still remember how anxiously London waited for the relief of Gordon in Khartum. About four o'clock one morning I got a telegram to the effect that he had been killed, and that the relieving force had failed. I knew Charlie Dilke a little; he was then Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs. He was living in Sloane Street, and I went to his place and knocked him up. The butler said it was impossible to see him. I replied, 'I intend to see him. Will you take my card and tell him I have very important news about Gordon?' So he took my card and Dilke came down to see me. I said, 'I have got a telegram that Gordon has been killed; is it true or not?'

He said, 'Well, there has been a semi-Cabinet meeting at midnight, from which I have not long come away, and the news is that Gordon has either been killed or he is a prisoner.' Unfortunately it turned out that he had been killed.

Some of the papers sharply criticized Gladstone at the time, because it was

believed that though he knew Gordon had been killed or was in great peril he had nevertheless gone to the theatre. The criticism was not justified. Gladstone did go to the theatre, but he had no news of Gordon at the time. It was given to him after he left at a quarter or half past ten at night, and it was then that the Cabinet was called.

My first visit to Constantinople was in the time of Abdul-Hamid. I was very politely received by him, and I used to go up to the Yildiz Kiosk whenever I liked in order to make inquiries. One morning, as I was having breakfast with the Minister of War, he observed to me that Gladstone was 'no more than a summer cloud.' What he meant was that Gladstone was only making himself a damned nuisance with his 'bag and baggage' policy, and the Turks regarded him with no more seriousness than they would a summer cloud.

I used the expression in my message, and there was a remonstrance from London when the dispatch was published, with the result that a semi-official denial was issued.

Before I left the Sultan gave me the Order of the Medjidieh, but I have never worn it. However, it came in useful a little later, while I was traveling on an Austrian steamer for Varna. Midway through the Bosphorus we were stopped for examination by a patrol boat.

I could not speak Turkish very well, so I simply showed them the little box containing the Order. It was closed instantly, and I received the full ceremonial obeisance, and proceeded without further molestation. I may say that I have received Japanese and Belgian Orders, with letters from the Emperor and the King respectively.

The *Daily Telegraph* enjoyed intimate associations with Stanley, the explorer. I had met Livingstone once

in the city on some civic occasion, and when Gordon Bennett sent out Stanley to find him I followed that romantic quest with the deepest interest. When it was known that Stanley had really discovered Livingstone I judged the time had come when we might try to get something for the *Daily Telegraph*. Dr. Hosmer was the London correspondent of the *New York Herald*, and he and I were rather friendly. I asked him whether he was going to meet Stanley, and he said he was, but it was uncertain whether he would return via Marseilles, Genoa, or Naples. As we were also on good terms with the *New York Herald*, I asked Dr. Hosmer whether he would allow me to accompany him. He was willing, and on reaching Paris we found that Stanley was coming to Marseilles. So we went there and stopped at one of the large hotels — I think, the Hôtel de Lyons. We had a large bedroom together.

In the middle of the night — at about two A.M., to be precise — the door was opened and someone entered the room. We rose, and the intruder said, 'I think Dr. Hosmer is here.' Dr. Hosmer said, 'Yes.' 'Well,' came the reply, 'I am Stanley.' He had only just arrived, and we dressed and got him refreshment. Hosmer introduced me to him, saying, 'Le Sage is a friend of ours, and you may talk quite openly and as much as you like.' I was a very good note-taker at that time and recorded all that he said. We chatted away until seven o'clock, and he told us all his adventures and his discovery of Livingstone. Then he went away to look after his luggage, and I sat down and wrote columns, which I sent off at once.

Afterward Stanley and I became great friends. We went to Paris together and stayed at the Hotel Helder. He had a little African boy with him, named Kalulu. While we were at



breakfast one morning there came a significant instruction from Gordon Bennett, 'Stop talking.' The *Daily Telegraph* had anticipated Gordon Bennett's coup in the *New York Herald* by sending the whole thing in advance. Stanley simply handed me the telegram, and said nothing more. Later on he called to see me at the office in London.

We have had some remarkably successful newspaper correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*. The one about the elephant, Jumbo, at the Zoo originated in this way. I happened to hear that there was likely to be a baby elephant at the Gardens, and asked a member of the staff to make inquiries. He came back and reported to me that it was not true, but that they contemplated selling Jumbo, the celebrated 'children's elephant.' I told him to write whatever he could about the matter, and we pursued the subject on the following day. The sensation was immense.

We were inundated with letters from parents and children protesting against the sale and asking us to buy the elephant, so that it might be kept at the Zoo.

I may say that the authorities were perfectly justified in selling the animal, as it had become dangerous, but this was not known at the time. I did not know it myself. I telegraphed to

Barnum, who had bought the elephant, asking him whether he would sell it to us. He was sharp enough to refuse, and the animal was sent out to him. Public sentiment was further excited by the report that Jumbo and the other elephant, Alice, were fond of one another, and Heaven alone could picture what would happen if they were parted. So people decided that it would be a shameful thing if they were separated.

We had a still more remarkable correspondence under the title, 'Is Marriage a Failure?' That was very simply conceived. I had to provide a leader-subject for a member of the staff, and casually picked up a magazine. As I opened it two words met my eye; one was the word 'Marriage,' and, lower down, the word 'Failure.' The subject of the leader came to me in an instant, and I gave it to the leader-writer, and an immense correspondence followed. It is curious how chance will bring an inspiration; but at the same time you must have the instinct to see your subject. That is the gift of journalism.

I used to meet Dickens at the old Albion Hotel, just outside Drury Lane Theatre, and I was at Gad's Hill when he died. I remember him taking the chair at one of the Press Fund dinners. He was a rather reserved man, and did not care about being treated too much as ordinary company.

## RARE BEN JONSON

BY LEONARD WOOLF

From *The Nation and the Athenæum*, June 23  
(LONDON LIBERAL LITERARY AND POLITICAL WEEKLY)

I WROTE last week about the difference between the eighteenth century and modernity, which began with the French Revolution and perhaps — who knows? — may have ended with the Great War. Then I read a book which, so it seemed to me, lifts one out of 1923, carries one straight back over three centuries, and deposits one in the middle of 1618. In 1618 Ben Jonson, aged forty-six years and weighing just under twenty stone, an inveterate Londoner, decided for some mysterious reason that he must walk to Edinburgh. It may have been that, as Dr. Patterson suggests, the *Wanderlust* seized him; or James I may have sent him there to collect material for a history of Scotland; or he may have gone in search of local color, because he had the 'intention to writt a fisher or pastoral play, and sett the stage of it in the Lowmond Lake.'

None of these reasons seems to me very convincing, but at any rate he accomplished this portentous walking-tour. He must have left London in this very month of June 305 years ago, and he took three months to walk to Edinburgh, consuming, there is reason to believe, two pairs of boots on the way. During his time in Scotland he stayed with William Drummond at Hawthornden, and Drummond jotted down notes of his conversation, which, in 1711, were published for the first time under the title, *Heads of a Conversation betwixt the famous Poet Ben Jonson, and William Drummond of Hawthornden, January 1619*. Subse-

quent editions have been rare and, like the first edition, always incomplete. Dr. Patterson has now earned our gratitude by giving us the full text of the *Conversations*.

Old books, written a hundred or two hundred or three hundred or more years ago, rarely have the power of lifting one out of one's own age and of making one feel the mental and material atmosphere of the past. Ordinarily one looks at the past through an old book as one looks at a mummy, or a Greek vase, or a stuffed and extinct animal through the glass case in a museum. Perhaps it is because William Drummond never intended to write a book at all, but only to put down the very words that Ben Jonson used — at any rate, in my case the *Conversations* have this rare power of making me feel that I am living in and breathing the actual atmosphere of another age.

If I had found myself walking with Mr. Pope in his garden across the river at Twickenham, or sitting with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell and Mr. Gibbon at the Club, or drinking wine with Mr. Hickey after dinner, I should have felt thoroughly ill at ease. The conversation, no doubt, would have been amusing and delightful, and I should have known that I had fallen into a civilized society, but I am quite sure that I should not have known what in the world to say to Mr. Pope, Dr. Johnson, or even to Mr. Gibbon; and Mr. Hickey in the flesh would have been unbearable.

But Ben Jonson — if Ben Jonson

strolled into my room to-night and sprawled his enormous body in my easy-chair and talked, as he did at Hawthornden, of men and books, and told his stories and his scandal about Queen Elizabeth, we should have an extraordinarily comfortable and amusing evening together, for we should be looking at the world and at life from the same angle.

This may, of course, be a purely personal predilection, for you might prefer the company of Pope and I of Jonson just in exactly the same way that you prefer your friend Jones and I my friend Smith. But I think that there is something rather more than that. The early seventeenth century was more 'modern' than any other period until you reach the year 1900: the angle at which Jonson and his friends observed life, and the shades of their misery and their happinesses, were much the same as our own. The whole thing is, of course, a question of very slight shades and nuances of thought and feeling and slight turns of sentences.

'What a deal of cold business doth a man misspend the better part of life in! in scattering compliments, tendering visits, gathering and venting news, following feasts and plays, making a little winter-love in a dark corner.' This sentence from Ben Jonson's *Discoveries* contains a general reflection which every man who has reached the age of thirty-five and has lived in civilized society at any time during the last five hundred years has frequently made to himself. But the precise and personal shade which Jonson gives it by the last nine words of his sentence belong to himself and to his time; the color with which they paint a commonplace is not that of Milton or Dryden, of Congreve or Swift, Pope or Johnson, Wordsworth or Shelley, Tennyson or Browning, but it is very near the shade of feeling which many a writer to-day

attempts, much less successfully, to translate into sentences.

Ben Jonson as a writer attracts me no less than he does as a conversationalist and as a man. Most critics since Hazlitt seem to consider some apology necessary for praising the author of *Volpone*; and in an otherwise excellent *History of English Literature*, published last week, I read once more that he lacked 'true genius.' The answer to that is that 'true genius' is a phrase which no critic should use, and which no great writer should, therefore, possess. I am very glad to hear that Ben Jonson did not possess it.

But even Mr. T. S. Eliot, and after him Mr. Aldous Huxley, seem to praise Jonson apologetically. The tone seems to me incongruous and unnecessary. The idea that Jonson was a pedant who could not draw a 'character' but only 'types,' whose learning was not controlled by but controlled him, who wrote some good comedies and bad tragedies, who produced a lyric or two worthy of inclusion in an anthology, but failed to produce the fine flower of true poetry, the 'magical phrase,' is derived ultimately from people whose knowledge of Jonson is confined to a nodding acquaintanceship with *Every Man in His Humour*, and who know the song, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.'

The only defense of Jonson which is necessary is to tell people to read him. If they read the *Masques* they will see that he is a poet; if they read *Volpone*, *The Silent Woman*, and *The Alchemist*, they will find that he is the author of three 'comedies' which will stand with any play written in English outside Shakespeare; if they read *Discoveries* and the *Conversations* they will see that he is the first English critic, a first-rate prose-writer, an original thinker, and a great character. He could afford to do without genius.

## A PAGE OF VERSE

### MOON FLIGHT

(With Apologies to Mr. Walter de la Mare)

BY WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

[To-Day]

PUSSYKIN, Pussykin,  
Where have you been?  
I've been to the moon  
In a tambourine.  
Ever so high  
Puppy and me  
Climbed up and up  
Just after tea.  
A kiss for Nig  
And a fat beef-bone,  
And up we went sailing  
Aloft, alone.  
Our bells they jingled,  
Our parchment rang,  
And we sat rocking  
And talking slang.  
As soon as we passed  
The nearest stars  
We saw God pouring  
The seas from jars —  
Beautiful jars,  
All gold and green —  
And scattering hills  
And plains between.  
We saw Him peppering  
Flowers and trees,  
Lions and tigers,  
Birds and bees:  
All from a pepper-pot  
Striped with red,  
With great blue sapphires  
Round its head.  
One baby elephant,  
None too lean,  
Nearly capsized  
Our tambourine;  
One great tree  
And several fish  
Went screaming by  
With *such* a swish.  
'Puppy,' said I,

'I shan't be sorry  
When we get back!' Said he, 'Don't worry,  
We're nearly here,'  
And, sure as fate,  
We struck the moon  
At half-past eight.  
The moon was spongy,  
Pale as cheese,  
And we sank into it  
To our knees;  
And down and down  
With slippety-slips,  
We sank, and sank,  
To our chins and lips.  
Just as the surface  
Cut us short  
I woke with a scream  
In Catkin Court.

O what a dream!  
O what a night!  
O what a mercy  
We're both all right!

### BEAUTY THE PILGRIM

BY GERALD GOULD

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

BEAUTY the Pilgrim  
Carries no purse;  
He pays his needs  
With a snatch of verse;  
He mends his coat,  
And cobbles his shoes,  
With a song, with a dream, with a thread  
Of the world's good news.

Beauty the Pilgrim  
Came to my door;  
But I was busy  
Counting my store;  
And when I looked up  
Where day had shone,  
My store was withered away  
And Beauty gone.

## LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

### ITALIAN DIALECT PLAYS

How recently Italy has become a united nation is best shown by the extent to which 'regionalism' still flourishes in the theatre. There is no national Italian drama in the sense in which there is a French national drama, or even a British drama. Most of the best Italian plays have been written, not for the nation as a whole, but for dialect companies working in a fairly definite locality and taking pride in local traditions. The dialect companies often play together for many years until they become almost like a family. Sometimes they actually do consist of bands of relatives. It was from such a family company that the great actress Eleonora Duse emerged.

Among the best-known dialect theatres are the Venetian, the Milanese, and the Sicilian. The traditions of Goldoni still cling to the Venetian theatre, but perhaps the most popular playwright of modern Venetian life is Giacinto Gallina. He has a fine sense of humor and, like all the dialect plays, his are very strong in the comic element. Gallina's writings, however, have also a tenderness and delicacy of feeling peculiar to themselves. Among his best-known plays are *Oci del Cor* (The Eyes of the Heart), *Baruffe in Famiglia* (Family Quarrels), *El Moroso della Nona* (Grandmother's Lover), and *La Mama no mor mai* (Mothers Never Die).

The star of the Milanese theatre is Edoardo Ferravilla, said to be the best comic actor Italy has had for many years. He has won most of his triumphs in short plays which he has either written or adapted for himself. So popular is he that the Italian physiologist, Paolo Mantegazza, once dedi-

cated a manual of hygiene to him on the ground that Ferravilla had cured more ills by putting people into good humor than the doctors have cured with all their medicines.

In Sicily and in Southern Italy in general the dialect theatre undergoes a remarkable change. Comedy and farce are laid aside in favor of tragedy. The Sicilian stage is lurid, and no play is regarded as complete without at least one *crime passionnel* in the last act. Giovanni Grasso, who has appeared in America, is a typical Sicilian actor. An actor who brings a somewhat light touch to the stage is Angelo Musco, who is extremely popular just at present.

At the other end of the peninsula the Florentine theatre is of recent growth, but it has risen in popularity through the plays of Augusto Novelli and through the skill of the author Rafaelli Niccoli and his wife Garibalda. Novelli's plays reproduce the life of the common people of Florence with almost photographic accuracy. But the dramatist is always light-hearted and avoids intense passion or tragedy.

In Turin the plays of Luigi Pietracqua, a dramatist who lived a good many years ago, have never been surpassed in popularity. The writer was only a journeyman printer who developed a gift for the stage. At that time the city was notorious for its street crimes. Pietracqua's play, *'L Cotel* (The Knife), is said to have been so vivid that the attendants who cleaned out the theatre after the performance were perpetually finding knives on the floor, where they had been thrown by repentant members of the audience.



## 'LITTLE INDIA' IN LONDON

THE London *Sunday Times* comments on the increasing numbers of Indian students in London and the steadily widening range of the subjects to which they devote their attention. In order to meet their requirements a special Indian Students' Hostel has been opened near the British Museum, where beef kabob (minced fried meat), biryani (a rich rice savory), jelabi (a luscious sweet), gulabjamine (a sort of fritter), and mango, specially tinned in India, are available to please the Oriental palate when the roast beef of old England begins to pall.

The students come from all over India and study all sorts of subjects. A graduate of Mysore University, for example, is taking a course on English literature in London and writing a thesis on Thomas Hardy. There was a time when Indian students came to England to prepare for the civil service or else to become lawyers and doctors. To-day, however, they are preparing to become engineers, scientific farmers, and railway managers, as well.



## LATIN IN THE FRENCH SCHOOLS

A RECENT decree arbitrarily making Greek and Latin compulsory in the French schools, which are centralized under the Ministry of Education, has set both the classicists and their opponents to buzzing. M. Marcel Prevost of the French Academy contributes to *Figaro* a statement of the case for Latin, which he would like to see taught as a living and spoken language. He makes a rather telling point against the opponents of compulsory classics when he suggests that all the orators who have opposed it owe their skill to the very humanistic studies that they combat. 'Not a single brilliant speaker against Latin

has been mentioned who is a product of special scientific training alone.' M. Painlevé, a distinguished mathematician who is also active in politics, is one of the opponents of the classics; he asserts the prevalent value of modern languages and the sciences. But to his assertions M. Prevost returns a blunt 'I don't believe it.'



## THE ABBREVIATION OF MR. POLLY

THE *Adelphi*, Mr. John Middleton Murray's new monthly, the first number of which recently appeared in London, is authority for the statement that H. G. Wells's *History of Mr. Polly* might have been a far longer story than it is. The *Adelphi* calls this a matter of mournful interest. Mr. Wells is said to have asked his publishers to let him bring the book out in parts in the same way in which the *Pickwick Papers* first appeared, for he felt quite sure that he could go on inventing new adventures for his hero almost indefinitely. But the publishers were unwilling to take a chance, and the novel had to be cut to the proper length to fit the space requirements of a new series which is now forgotten.



## CHALIAPIN DISCUSSES HIMSELF

A WRITER in the London *Morning Post* describes an extremely interesting conversation with Chaliapin. The great basso modestly refused to regard himself as a great actor, in spite of the frequent comment of critics on the histrionic qualities of his singing. However, he made up for this modesty by the casual statement: 'About opera I know everything.'

Chaliapin protested against the rumor that he is going to Berlin for a throat operation, explaining that the plain truth is he is 'suffering from nothing more than prohibition.' His inter-

viewer gives the following picture of the man:—

'The great bass is cast in an heroic mould, gigantesque in stature, with a giant's kindliness, but nothing of the giant's stolidity. Jane Austen would have written down sensibility as his most pervading quality. His features are in perpetual play. His blue eyes are never still.'



#### WILLIAM BYRD'S THIRD CENTENARY

MUSICAL England is astir over the tercentenary of William Byrd, one of the great Elizabethan musicians. After centuries of comparative neglect, the Elizabethan musicians are slowly coming into their own. Byrd touched every side of musical art as it existed in his country in his day, from the public service of the cathedral to the mass in the private chapel, and from madrigals and fantasies to domestic music of the virginal. Beginning his career as a composer at a time when church music for the Latin ritual was the only form that had attained development in England, he practically set English cathedral music on its feet and became the creator of various types of secular music. Patient investigations have slowly brought to life and made available his compositions.

English critics now express the hope that just as the centenary of Handel made Handel's music a national British institution, so the tercentenary of Byrd will make it possible for his countrymen to hear his music once more. As one critic puts it, if Byrd's music is more frequently performed as a result of this centenary, 'the world will know before the next one arrives whether he is one of the first half-dozen composers of the world or merely a centenary comet.' His ecclesiastical music is to be sung and played in honor of the composer at

the Manchester Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, in the Chapel Royal, at Saint Paul's Cathedral, in the Southwark Cathedral, and in the Church of the Oratory at Brompton.



#### A SHAKESPEAREAN DISCOVERY

Two hitherto unknown Shakespearean quartos have found their way into the hands of London dealers. One is a copy of the fifth quarto of *Richard III*, which appeared in 1612, and the other is the sixth quarto of *Henry IV*, part I, which appeared in 1630. Until these 'new' copies turned up, only ten examples of each edition were known to exist.

Both quartos are said to come from an old country library. They have suffered bad treatment at the hands of a binder of the last century, although the *Henry IV* is in fair condition. The extreme rarity of these particular plays in quarto may be judged from the fact that only thirty-one copies of the first five editions of *Richard III* are known, and of the first six quartos of *Henry IV* there are but thirty-five examples. These figures include one copy which is little more than a fragment—the sole remnant of the first edition of 1598.



#### THE IDEAL WAY TO VOTE

DOCTOR JOHN HUTTON, who succeeds the Reverend Doctor J. H. Jowett, the former minister of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York, as pastor of the Westminster Chapel in London, described the ideal way of voting in his first sermon in his new pulpit. There is a great deal of religion in voting, he said. We do it in the shabbiest possible way, but it might be done in a wonderful way.

'We should pass up through corridors guarded on each side by the mar-

ble figures of the great men of our race, so that as we pass them our souls would be passing through a kind of moral purgation, until by the time we arrive at the ballot box the ballot box would have for us something of the significance of an altar, and there we should register our vote — there, that is to say, we should say what it is that we want life to be, what we believe in.

'Even in the shabby circumstances in which our voting now takes place, for those whose imaginations have still some reminiscence of beauty, in spite of the shabby circumstances, the unplanned white wood, the cheap jute, the cheap pencil, the string, and all of the degrading incidents of an election — in spite of these things, for those who have eyes to see there is still something great and solemn in recording a vote.'



#### LITERATURE FOR THE GERMAN SERVANT GIRL

TRASH is quite as popular in post-war Germany as in any other part of the world, where, like every other disaster, the present vogue of the sickly sweet and hopelessly impossible novel will be probably blamed upon the war. One writer suggests that German lady novelists are turning out fiction with the same deadly seriousness with which they once knitted stockings.

Though there are in Germany thousands of households with not a single volume of Goethe, it is said that there is

scarcely a family without at least one book by Frau Hedwig Courths-Maler, whose circulation is said to run into the millions. Detective novels are extremely popular, and books dealing with erotic crimes also find a great many readers. In some respects these books are said to derive from French plays and also from the worst type of moving pictures. Not all the detective novels, however, are worthless. Such writers as Richter Oevre Fritsch are said to possess genuine strength. Among his best books are *Der Rote Nebel* (The Red Mist) and *Luzifers Auge* (The Eye of Lucifer), which are included in a widely read collection called *Spannende Bücher* (Thrilling Books), which is published in Berlin.

However badly the German public may be served by some of its cheap authors, the serious writers and great artists of the day are still at work, and it is pleasant to remember that translations from the literatures even of nations with whom Germany was at war are being widely read. A full edition of Rabindranath Tagore has been brought out by Kurt Wolff in Munich. Dostoevskii is also being very widely read just at present. The memoirs of the ex-Kaiser are said to have been less successful than one might have thought, although the additional volume of Bismarck's reminiscences did produce a sensation, and the printers had hard work to keep pace with the demand. In Germany, as in the rest of the world, the flood of war-memories is decreasing.

## BOOKS ABROAD

**The Dove's Nest**, by Katherine Mansfield.  
London: Constable, 1923. 6s.

[W. L. Courtney in the *Daily Telegraph*]

AN atmosphere full of tenderness and grace surrounds the posthumous book of Katherine Mansfield. *The Dove's Nest* contains short pieces, some of them finished, others only remaining as sketches and ending abruptly, as though the author had got tired or was deferring her work for another day. They were written about the time that 'The Garden Party' was given to the world, a tale which, together with that entitled 'Bliss' in an earlier issue, did much to establish the position of Katherine Mansfield as an author.

They are all singularly effective little sketches, both long and short, which have a reality of their own not always to be found among the works of the most modern school. They are in no sense artificial. They seem to come straight from the woman's heart. They are records of things accurately seen and faithfully portrayed — impressionistic sketches, but better than the average level of impressionism. For there is nothing sketchy about the structure or outlines. The portraits are quite firmly drawn, and the characters lay hold of us because they seem to have had breathed into them the breath of life.

Of course, even after 'Bliss' and 'The Garden Party' there is more of promise than of actual fulfillment. The promise is so definite and so clear that we feel without a moment of doubt that here was a writer capable of great things. Like others, she had felt the influence of Henry James, and from Henry James was learned the ceaseless attention to what other people might have thought trifles, the careful analysis of moods and motives, all the external side of Henry James in short — without touching the central machine, the complex and subtle mystery which makes all of Henry James's best work so inimitable.

**Bolshevism in Retreat**, by Michael Farberman.  
London: Collins, 1923. 15s.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

MR. FARBERMAN has had opportunities, enjoyed by few others, of studying the development of the Russian Revolution and of the Soviet Government. His journalistic writings have shown him able to make the most of those opportunities, and also — a very important matter where Russia is concerned — to possess an open mind and sound judgment. In this book he attempts to trace the historical course of the Revolution since 1917, and to sum up the present position in Russia. There have been several similar books produced in the last year or two, but none that

we have read can compare with Mr. Farberman's in accuracy of statement and sanity of judgment. Most interesting are those parts in which he deals with the effects of the Revolution upon the peasants and with the development of the Communist Party.

**The London of Dickens**, by Walter Dexter.  
London: Cecil Palmer, 1923. 6s.

[*Dickensian*]

RAMBLES in Dickens's London have always had a fascination for the metropolitan visitor, whether of this or any other country, and of late years there has been an increasing demand for some authoritative guidebook on the subject. It is just on forty years since Robert Allbutt first published his book of Rambles, and possessors of that work still rely upon it for guidance, notwithstanding the many changes and demolitions which have been made in the meantime.

Mr. Walter Dexter, in his new book, has now done all and more than all we could reasonably expect to fill that want, and there are few who could have catered so efficiently for the requirements of the pilgrim in search of the London revealed to us in the writings of Charles Dickens. He divides his subject into fifteen rambles, each of which occupy about an hour and a half to two hours. By so doing, he has been able to cover the ground in no perfunctory manner and ensure that nothing shall escape notice.

Many will undoubtedly find within the pages of the book much of the London of Dickens with which they are already familiar, but there are thousands of others to whom its wealth of information will open up fresh fields of interest. To both the book will appeal. Those who have traced the buildings and sites in London mentioned or fictitiously referred to by Dickens will be glad to avail themselves of the systematic arrangement of the rambles to afford them a ready reference to points of interest. Those not so well informed will welcome the assistance of Mr. Dexter to acquaint themselves with the lesser-known sites so apt to be overlooked during the perambulation of the great city beloved of Dickens.

The reader is left in no doubt as to the authenticity of the reference. Ample quotations from the writings are given to prove the association of the building or locality to be that to which Dickens desired to allude, and where these no longer exist, the present-day structure occupying the site is mentioned to prevent any misconception. When doubt exists, there is a warning to that effect given by the author.